SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 26 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, MAY 24, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 130

Around Town.

The all-absorbing interest of the political campaign ought not to cause the public-spirited citizens of Toronto to lose sight of the summer carnival scheme and the need for early and earnest work as an essential to its complete success. There can hardly be two opinions as to the advantages of this celebration from a practical as well as a spectacular and sentimental standpoint. There is an increasing number of people everywhere, who are largely determined in their choice of a place of residence by its attractions and advantages apart from purely business considerations. The additions to our population from this source have, during the last few years, been very considerable. A great many people of means have been led to settle in Toronto because of its attractiveness and facilities for enjoyment. Much as has been done of late with the object of "booming" Toronto, in the better and legitimate sense of a much-abused word, there is still a great deal of ignorance on the part even of intelligent Americans as to the size and importance of Ontario's metropolis. The first sensation of the visitor from the States in seeing Toronto for the first time is usually one of astonishment that a genuine city is to be found in Canada. The average American has not yet outgrown the idea, any more than the average Englishman, that our civilization is of a very crude and primitive character, and fancies that we have hardly advanced much beyond the log cabin stage of architecture. Now if the carnival by inducing some thousands of visitors from across the line who have never previously visited us to make our acquaintance for a few days, can contribute to giving our neighbors a proper impression of the country it will be of material advantage. In many different ways it would increase our prosperity to be better known abroad. Of the numerous visitors from all sections which a demonstration on the scale contemplated would certainly attract, some might become permanent residents. A much larger proportion probably would at some future time revisit us. It would help to increase the volume of American summer travel which has of late years set in so largely in this direction, and in many other ways promote our material interests. Rightly conducted, however, our national festival of which the carnival is but the continuation ought to have a greater value than this, as a means of instilling Canadian patriotism into the young and imbuing them with something of the same sentiment for the day and the associations connected with it which the young American feels for the Fourth of July. "Spread-eagleism" and buncombe oratory may have their evils, but if the Americans have gone to extremes in the glorification of their country and its magnificent destinies is it not possible that we have hitherto erred on the other side and been altogether too modest and reticent in inculcating lessons of patriotism? We might with advantage take a leaf out of their book in this respect. There is little danger of our going too far and copying the excesses into which they have sometimes fallen in the way of national boastfulness and swagger. The danger is all on the side of undue self-depreciation, and if the summer carnival should be the means of emphasizing the national and patriotic idea which has been too much overlooked in connection with our midsummer anniversary, an excellent example for the emulation of other communities will have been set.

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That is a sad story—that of the heroes of Balaclava—the few remaining survivors of the historic Charge of the Light Brigade at which "all the world wondered" reduced to abject penury in their old age, some of them actually inmates of workhouses and others obtaining a scant livelihood by such occupations or chance jobs as fall within the scope of their failing powers. It is not calculated to stimulate the desire to share the glories of a military career or to offer much inducement to the young men of the old country to don the Queen's uniform. No doubt the financial straits of the veterans who are now furnishing the peace societies and other antagonists of the military system with so powerful an illustration of the deceptive nature of military glory, are largely due to imprudence and the social habits begotten of camp and garrison life. There are probably few men of ordinary mental and moral calibre who could stand the course of lionizing and feting which we may suppose these veterans underwent when England was yet ringing with the praises of their valor, without being more or less demoralized thereby. It is difficult for a man who has been placed on a pinnacle of admiration, as a hero of Balaclava or otherwise, to settle down to the ordinary prosaic work of grubbing for a living, and these unfortunate veterans, considering all the fuss made over them, had fair reason to conclude that England being eternally their debtor they would be taken care of during the remainder of their lives. They have been cruelly undeceived. No doubt the publicity given to their sad case will result in something being done to enable them to end their days in comparative comfort. How can England in the future in the words of Lord Nelson "expect every man to do his duty" if the State and the wealthy and comfortable classes, who have most at risk and most to gain by warfare, alike fail to do their duty by the soldier when poverty and old age overtake him? Can it be expected that men will volunteer to risk their lives in battle and unfit themselves by the habits of life contracted during service for remunerative callings unless they are at least secured against starvation? Considerations of public policy, if not of national pride, ought long ago to have led the Government to provide for the Balaclava survivors.

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But, after all, is the lot of the veteran soldier who is thrown on the mercies of the charitable public or the British poor law guardians, hard as it is, any more to be pitied than that of hundreds of thousands of the worn out veterans of the great army of industry. The charge of Balaclava of course appeals more to the imagination than the struggle of competition and the prosaic details of the battle against want waged with hammer and spade and needle. But intrinsically, so far as actual merits are concerned, has not the productive worker as just and reasonable claim to public provision in his old age as any soldier or civil servant? And is not the fate of the superannuated laborer, who has had none of the brief compensations of glory and public lionizing which fall to the share of the soldier every bit as pathetic and as deserving of our commiseration as that of the veterans whose pitiful case is just now eliciting so much newspaper sympathy? Many trades, such as those of the miner, sailor and railroad engineer, are fully as dangerous and call for as much steadiness and nerve and heroism as the soldier's life, which, it must be remembered, is in nine cases out of ten passed without ever seeing a shot fired in anger. We may depend upon it that when the working classes gain the ascendency in the old countries the exaggerated regard in which military service is held as compared with productive industry will no longer prevail. The position will be reversed, and the scavenger will be regarded as deserving more at the hands of society than the soldier. It cannot be denied that his functions are more useful. Everybody, as a matter of sentiment, must certainly wish to see the veterans of the famous charge made comfortable in their old age, but at the same time, if we take actual deserts and the logical fitness of things into consideration, it is difficult to see on what grounds such aid should be extended to them rather than to poor Hodge, the agricultural laborer, broken down by forty years' toil for a few shillings a week, or the "veteran" brakesman or engineer, threatened with the workhouse because disabled by a railway smash-up.

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Mr. Labouchere's *Truth* is raising a fuss about the unauthorized use of professional titles and affixes indicating university degrees. The article raises a question of considerable interest to Canadians as among the special instances quoted showing the need of some stricter regulations in the matter is that of Dr. W. A. Barrett, who holds some important professional positions in England, and whom *Truth* refers to in a somewhat sneering fashion as "one of the fortunate individuals upon whom the more or less valuable degree of Mus. Doc. *in absentia* has been conferred by Trinity College, Toronto." While no one would wish to justify the assumption of titles indicating the possession of university degrees by those having no right to them, Labouchere's slur is uncalled for. It is an altogether gratuitous assumption that Trinity College, or any other recognized and reputable Canadian body having university powers, misuses them in the direction of distributing its honors to unfit recipients. To brand a professional man as an impostor because the degree he holds is Canadian, and to insinuate that the distinctions conferred by "colonial" universities are practically worthless and ought not to be considered in England, is in marked contrast with the treatment accorded here to English professional men. The status of physicians holding British diplomas is recognized in this country, and though an English lawyer is not at once admitted to practice here, he can do so after studying a comparatively short term. But if a Canadian barrister or doctor goes to England to establish himself, his previous training will avail him nothing so far as securing the legal qualifications for admission to full professional status is concerned. Canadian university degrees, or the certificates of professional bodies here, who are every bit as careful about whom they admit within the charmed circle as their Old Country congeners, do not count. There ought to be some measure of reciprocity about this matter. If British university degrees and other evidences of educational or professional standing are to be freely recognized in this country as they always have hitherto been, the contemptuous and unfriendly spirit such as characterizes *Truth's* article displayed towards those who worthily bear Canadian university honors ought to give place to a better feeling.

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Did you ever try to decipher a cryptogram? It is a very unprofitable business as Ignatius Donnelly and many others who have devoted a great deal of research to the subject have discovered. Even when successful the game is rarely worth the candle. But ever since I read Edgar A. Poe's weird story of The Gold Bug in my boyhood, the subject has had a certain fascination for me and whenever I come across a cryptogram I am tempted to set myself the task of solving it. I had such an opportunity a day or two ago when the following mysterious looking advertisement appeared among the Personals in the *Telegram* of Wednesday last:

IN THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

"LCVR dpgbyw fydcnyur rum yr loapmnmjqu amko hsqr rlqq mlac.

There, that looks hopelessly inscrutable, doesn't it? But it isn't, for I succeeded in unravelling the mystery in about four hours, which ought to have been devoted to sleep. An expert would have got away with it in much shorter order. As the heavy villain of the stage has it, "I know *all*!" The young man—of course he is a young man—who no doubt congratulated himself on his smartness and forethought in arranging a cipher alphabet as a means of communication with his best girl, or is it some other fellow's wife or sweetheart, will be much surprised to find that I'm "onto" his little racket. The next time he uses the advertising columns of the *Telegram* to ask his adored one to meet him at half-past two next Friday at the Necropolis, for "just this once," he had better change his cipher for one more abstruse and less easy of solution. How did I find out the key? Why, I simply proceeded on the lines laid down in Poe's Gold Bug. I assumed that the cipher was devised on the ordinary plan of substituting one letter for another throughout, and that each division in the sentence represented a word. That was where the cryptographer fooled himself. If he had run his words together or made misleading and arbitrary divisions in the cryptogram it would have been beyond my power to solve it. But granting the premises that the form and arrangement of the words remains intact the thing is greatly simplified. All you have to do is to hit upon a clue, that is find some one word that seems to yield the secret and with the key thus obtained to three or four letters, interpret another word and so extend your cipher alphabet till you have mastered the whole. When once you are on the right track there is no formidable obstacle to a complete solution of a cipher sentence—that is if you have patience. The important thing to bear in mind is the relative frequency with which letters are used, the vowels of course doing much more frequent duty than consonants. It is therefore probable that the letters which occur oftenest represent vowels. In the above, "r" occurs six times, "m" five times, and "c" four times. Now, as "e" is the most overworked letter in the language, it is pretty certain that one of these consonant characters stands for "e." I worked for some time on the supposition that "r" was the equivalent of "e," but finally gave it up. Passing by "m," as it only terminated a word once in the cryptogram, I fixed upon "c," the final letter you notice in two words of four letters. Then I thought of what such messages generally conveyed—how they read in ordinary characters and what words the correspondent would be likely to employ, such as "write," "come," "send," "meet." Discarding those that did not meet the conditions of four letters and a final "e," I fixed on "come" as the equivalent of "amkc." Now three of these symbols are repeated in the concluding word "mlac," so if my clue is the right one I have "o—ce" and one more letter to find to fill the gap and make sense. It is "once" of course, so here are two words of the cryptogram solved and four letters of the key found. That gives me "ne" as the equivalent of the two initial letters "lc." What word of four letters beginning with "ne" is likely to be used in such a connection? After many trials and failures "next" suggests itself. If so, "t" is represented by the numerous "r's" in the sentence—an important point gained. The word after "next" probably names some date. Let us try the days of the week. It must be either "Sunday," "Monday" or "Friday," as the others have more than six letters. But it is evidently neither of the two former, or the cipher letters which have already been discovered as the representatives of "m," "o" and "n" would be found there, which is not the case. If "dpnbyw" stands for a day at all it is clearly "Friday." This enlarges our alphabet of cipher letters so greatly that the back of the problem is now fairly broken and in a comparatively short time the whole is deciphered as follows:

"Next Friday half 'o' past two at Necropolis come just this once."

The cipher "o" between "half" and "past" appears to be superfluous—possibly a misprint. The key to this cipher is simply the ordinary alphabet with the last two letters "y" and "z" put first, "a" taking third place, and so on throughout. In tracing the process of the above solution I have confined myself mainly to the "clues" which were successful, and said little about the numerous misleading ones that I followed until convinced by unsatisfactory results that I was on the wrong scent. This account of my successful wrestle with the intricacies of what was doubtless supposed by the writer to be an absolutely undecipherable message to those not possessed of the key, may not be without interest to those whose curiosity has doubtless often been aroused by seeing similar occult announcements, and may give some useful hints to people who communicate by cipher correspondence.

T.

Social and Personal.

The great excitement this week is, of course, the races. There were charming toilettes aired on Friday for the very first time and next week I shall have some of them at my pencil's end with a glimpse of the gaieties following the quite serious business of the afternoons.

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The season for indoor social functions has almost closed. There will, of course, be the fragrant cup of tea passed by the charming hostess, but eyes are turning longingly to fresh, green sward, while racquets and flying balls flit through the imagination. The bay, too, which has lately received little attention, is now playing its important part in the summer life, and already a merry little whisper has reached me of a new boat, which is to be called after a bright-faced woman, and in which she hopes to drift about in the coming summer.

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Outing gowns are being thought of and plans for summer trips are receiving earnest consideration. Busy home-makers are putting forth projects for the country houses. Alterations are being made, and the gay life of society is just on the point of drifting into divers and fresh channels for the warm season.

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The ball-room girl will blossom into a serge clad maiden with a face rather browned, a healthy glow, and an arm strengthened by vigorous pulling at the oars. To be sure the correct form of summer exercise is a trifle wearying, but it has come to pass that the warm weather girl must row, swim and play

tennis, and, of course, if she must, she will, and the "must" is surely a wise one.

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A very representative and fashionable audience was that which greeted the Kendals in Impulse last week. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Melfort Boulton, Miss Cockburn, Mr. Sankey, Mr. W. Jones, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Thomas Tait, Mr. Ince, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Small, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Miss McCarthy, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Seymour, Mr. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mr. Mowat, Miss Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Spence, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. Alfred Brown Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Langmuir, Miss Madge King-Dodds, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Smith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Miss Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Alexander Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. G. Crawford, Miss Vankoughnet, L. A. Tilley, Gordon Jones, R. Shanly, Ross, G. Badgerow, W. Mulock, Pauw, W. W. Cawthra, Casimir Dickson.

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A correspondent in England, and one who knows whereof he speaks, sends me a few notes of what men in London are wearing. Chimney-pot hats are high and of smaller circumference at the top than at the bottom. "Four-in-hand" ties or cravats are still all the go; they are often fastened by a gold safety pin, and are worn as large and as loosely tied as possible. The only overcoats are made of dark blue melton cloth, with broad plain velvet collars. For the evening, trousers are made fairly broad, while coats are more often cut with a lapel than with the rolled collar of a year or two ago. White waistcoats are almost *sine qua-non* for the theater or ball-room. The single-studded shirt has almost universally given way to those with three studs, and white ties are made into a bow both broad and long. Gaiters (*anglice* spats) are more popular than ever, and when the streets are not too muddy for patent-leathers are made of white canvas. For lawn tennis, trousers are commonly made of striped flannels and shirts of striped silk or canvas, but striped "blazers" are now considered bad form. The latter are made of plain maroon, black, or dark blue flannel, trimmed with corded braid, or the colors of the club represented in narrow ribbon. The fashionable walking canes are of hazel, cherry or ash, generally with some silver-mounting about the handle! Frock-coats are once more coming into fashion, and already plenty of them of various shades of gray, worn with a white chimney-pot, are to be seen in Hyde Park. Collars are high and with large corners turned down. Riding-breeches are very loose above the knee. Gloves have little or no stitching as to their backs. Smoking jackets of Japanese silk, some of them lined with eider-down for the winter, are all the rage.

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Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop of Penzance, Cornwall, England, have been staying with relations on Sherbourne street.

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Professor and Mrs. Hutton of the Queen's Park were in Montreal this week.

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Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Fitzgibbon and Mr. Ince will go to England next month, *via* Montreal.

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Miss Eva Goodwin of Bloor street returned to town last week. Miss Goodwin has been residing in various parts of the West Indies for the last two years.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cassett and a large party arrived in town this week from Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Cassett had intended to drive the whole distance from Philadelphia four-in-hand in order to be present at the races, but were forced to abandon their plans owing to the late inclement weather. Col. and Mrs. Sweny gave a large dinner party at Rohallion on Thursday last in honor of these visitors.

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Mr. and Mrs. Crawley of Maidstone, England, arrived in town this week, and were among the numerous strangers who witnessed the races at the Woodbine.

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Mr. Edward Jones left last week for England. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Wyane will shortly sail for Europe *via* New York.

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Sir Fred and Lady Middleton, who had been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange, left last Sunday for Ottawa.

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Colonel Bond of Montreal was in town last week.

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Granted only fine weather, and the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club will be one of the most brilliant and memorable meetings in the records of the club. Stands, stabling, club house and course have been greatly improved. The entry list has never before been so large. Vice-Royalty will be present, together with a number of distinguished strangers which has never been equalled in former years. New gowns, the latest creations of London and Paris, have arrived by the dozen, and many of these were submitted to the eye of the critic and admirer, for the first time yesterday. Lastly, above all, Mr. T. C. Patteson has labored even harder than usual to secure the success of the races both from a sporting and fashionable point of view.

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The attendance at the first match of the season on the grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club last Saturday was such as to augur well for the fashionable popularity of what is perhaps the prettiest spot in the city during the coming summer.

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Mr. Hendrie's drag and four horses arrived in town on Thursday from Hamilton, followed by a large contingent of the family of the popular president of the Ontario Jockey Club.

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The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are, as far as can be learned, going to spend just four hours in town in June. Their Royal Highnesses' time will not hang heavy on their hands, since they are to be entertained at three balls, at a reception at the Yacht Club, at dinner at Government House, and are to be presented with addresses, which even now are said to number thirty-six.

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The dance at Government House on Thursday evening was merely a large dinner-party in honor of His Excellency to which had been added a sprinkling of dancing-men and maidens. Details must be reserved until next week.

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Mr. H. G. Estcourt of Canterbury, England, is staying with friends in town.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bankier of Hamilton were in town this week.

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Mr. Andrew Allan and the Messrs. Campbell of Montreal are in town.

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Mr. and Miss Noel of Birmingham, England, are staying with friends on St. George street.

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Mr. Reginald Thomas was in town this week on his way from Paris to Quebec, where he will reside in future. Mr. Thomas has thus exchanged old France for new.

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The Misses Nott of Halifax, N. S., are staying with friends in town.

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Mrs. Christopher Robinson and Miss Boulton are expected home in the Autumn.

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Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrooke arrived in town this week from England.

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Sir Fred and Lady Middleton were entertained at dinner on Friday last by Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth. Among the guests were Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Judge and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Commander and Mrs. Law, Col. and Mrs. Dawson.

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Mrs. Nordheimer, Glenedyth, gave small theatre parties on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week.

PRINCESS DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY.

I am enabled to present this week a portrait of Miss Clara Ward whose marriage to Prince de Caraman-Chimay in Paris, France, on Wednesday has been the subject of columns of special dispatches in the daily papers. Special interest is taken in this marriage here as Miss Ward might almost be considered a native of this place. Though born in Detroit she spent most of her childhood in this city and here received her early education. During recent years, however, she has been in England, at school, which in fact she only left a very short time ago, as she is not yet eighteen years of age. In this way it happens that though so prominently connected here, Miss Ward has never figured in Toronto society. She is described as being a beauty of the first magnitude, tall, shaped like a goddess of Phidias, with features of faultless regularity. Miss Ward is a daughter of the late Captain Eber B. Ward, who died in Detroit about fifteen years ago, leaving his entire wealth—and he was many times a millionaire—to his widow. The latter is now Mrs. Cameron, wife of Mr. Alexander Cameron of Toronto. The bride's brother, Mr. Eber Ward, married Miss Hugel of Port Hope. The bride is a step-sister of Mr. A. B. Cameron, barrister, and of Mrs. George W. Torrance of this city. The Prince is the eldest son of Prince de Chimay, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Belgium. His brother is the Count of Flanders and his sister, the Countess Greffulkes, one of the leading belles of the French capital. He is reported to be a handsome, athletic sort of fellow and to have a sufficient fortune to carry him through without the assistance of his bride's millions. The wedding took place at the Nunciatory, Rue de Varennes, on Wednesday. The witnesses for the bride were Lord Lytton and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the English and American ambassadors to Paris, and for the groom Baron Bevens, the Belgian minister, and the Duke de Fezensac. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Eber Ward and Mrs. George Torrance were present at the wedding.

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The wedding gown, was a fourreau of white satin, with the front covered with point a la Isolde lace, held by a sash of crepe de chine, with a fringe of aranga blossoms, fringed with tulle. The veil of point lace reached to the end of the train and was held by a coronet of Prince Ire orange blossoms, with the original coiffure designed for her by Loutheric. Mrs. Cameron wore a costume of moss green velvet, richly embroidered with colored garlands, in Louis XVI. style, made in a long *casaque* over a petticoat of the palest brocade, with embroidered waistcoat of white satin, and a *jabot* of lace about the throat. The bonnet was of gold lace and feathers. Mrs. Eber Ward wore a costume of rose-colored silk, with high puffed sleeves, the front being a mass of fine embroidery in gold, silver, and pearls. On her head was a tiny bonnet made of two bands of gold with bunches of small pink feathers in front and back. Mrs. George Torrance was attired in a long robe of apricot yellow brocade, with satin sleeves, embroidered in silver and crystal, a Medicis collar, lined with white feathers, and a bonnet trimmed with butterflies and pansies. Mme. Hector Fabre, wife of the Commissioner of the Dominion of Canada, was dressed in silver grey brocade, an embroidered front covered with spangles, a Medicis collar of embroidered velvet, lined with white feathers, and high sleeves of brocade of spangled silver.

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Mrs. Cameron's gift to the bride was a diamond necklace and earrings. Mr. Cameron's gift was a magnificent pearl necklace, that of the groom's father a diamond necklace and brooch, family heirlooms, which belonged to the mother of the young Prince and had been handed down from generation to generation. The gift of the groom was a diamond star and of course the *corbeille*, which the custom of the country renders obligatory. The *corbeille* consists of laces, furs, velvets, satin and lace dresses, etc.

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Mrs. Hodgins gave a theatre party on Thursday of last week.

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In St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday Very Rev. Dean McCann delivered a lecture in aid of Branch 85, C.M.B.A. The music was special.

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Mrs. E. G. Gooderham of Madison avenue welcomed a number of little people to an afternoon party given for her daughter Madeline.

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Messrs. Pellatt, G. T. Alexander, Walter Cassels and W. J. Baines were up north on a fishing excursion last week.

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Mrs. M. M. Kertland of Sherbourne street left town on Thursday to take up residence at the Island for the summer.

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Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Saturday afternoon last. Among those present were Archdeacon and Mrs. Body, Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. Brough, Judge Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brodie, Mrs. Davidson Black, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Miss Clark, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Henry Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. Cockshutt, Miss Douglas, Mr. and Miss Drayton, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Miss Delamere, Mrs. Dalton, Mr. Eakins, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Skae, Mr. A. M. Grier, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Grafton, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Shanklin, Mrs. A. McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harcourt, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Joseph Henderson, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. F. W. Kingstone, Prof. and Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Lynes, Mrs. Leahy, Mrs. Arthur Mowat, Prof. and Mrs. McLaren, Messrs. Morphy, Mr. Martin, Mrs. Mutter, Mr. Marini, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, the Misses Mickle, Miss Vail, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. W. M. Merritt, Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. D. McKay, Mrs. Featherstone Osler, Miss O'Hara, Miss Proudfoot, the Misses Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Robertson, Mr. Charles Ross, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mrs. Spencer, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Cameron, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Dr. Wishart, Mrs. Arthur McMaster.

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Mrs. Pellatt of Sherbourne street left town this week for Orillia. Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt are superintending arrangements at Southwood, their summer house on Lake Couchiching.

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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunnet left on Monday last for England and the continent, where they will remain till September. A large party of friends assembled to see them off.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wesbroom and Miss Mattie Black of St. Urbain street, Montreal, formerly of Toronto, are spending a week in Toronto among their many friends.

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Mrs. E. Molson Sprague left this week for Donald, B.C., where she will reside during the summer.

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On Tuesday morning a quiet wedding took place at 646 Church street when Mr. Fred Jewell and Miss Josephine Weichert were married. Miss Weichert is the daughter of Mr. Sigimond Weichert, German vice-consul for Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. T. Bowser, pastor of the Unitarian church. Mr. Jewell was attended by Mr. George F. Kinnear. Mr. and Mrs. Jewell spend their honeymoon in New York.

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The Misses Cooper of Parkdale are on a visit to Montreal and expect to be absent about two months.

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Mrs. and Miss Stewart of Newham, Haliburton are visiting in Toronto.

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The annual games of the Provincial Model School were held on the Normal School grounds yesterday.

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The establishment of a military institute here seems to me to be an excellent move which will tend to promote an *esprit de corps* as well as be of great benefit to military men in many other respects. The various lectures already delivered before the Institute, which were inaugurated by Sir Fred Middleton himself, have been of interest not only to military men, but laymen as well, being an exposition, as they are, of modern tactics in military affairs—a subject that is rarely brought to our notice except in connection with foreign countries. On Friday evening of last week Major-General D. R. Cameron, commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston, read a paper before the Institute on the subject of Messenger Pigeons and Their Relation to the Art of War. Col. Otter, D. A. G., presided. The lecture showed the great advantage of the employment of pigeons in war as supplementary to the telegraph. Major-General Cameron is endeavoring to establish pigeon lofts at different points throughout Canada, and would be glad to have the co-operation of officers in various important towns.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The close of the session has brought indoor social entertainments almost to a standstill and the weather is hardly sufficiently balmy for lawn tennis and garden parties just yet. Several interesting cricket matches have, however, taken place and it will not be a great while before boating, wheeling, baseball and lacrosse are in full swing.

Mr. Frederic Archer, that prince of organists, has been delighting the musical dilletantes of the capital with recitals on the grand organ in Knox church. The instrument being a remarkably fine one, and the accoustic properties of the church exceedingly good, Mr. Archer was heard to the best advantage. He rendered a number of anthems from Gounod, Hiles, Bamby, McFarren and Woodward.

Lady Macdonald presented the prizes at the art school recently in the absence of His Excellency who was obliged to attend the prorogation ceremonies. Sir James Grant presided. Mr. A. Ewart won the Governor-General's prize, Mr. McLean took first prize in oil painting and Miss Wills first in water colors. Other awards were given for plaster casting, wood carving, needle work, etc. The judges were Messrs. A. Frechette and F. Checkley, Mrs. West being judge of art needlework.

Sir George Stephen's private saloon car, the Metapedia, passed through here a few days ago on its way to Vancouver, where it will receive as occupants the Royal Duke and Duchess. The car is most elegantly fitted up and is a marvel of comfort and luxury, even in these days of princely private railway coaches. Another private car belonging to the C. P. R. has also been dispatched to the coast for the use of the Duke's suite. The distinguished party exclusive of their Royal Highnesses consists of Sir John McNeill, V. C., Colonel and Mrs. Cavage and Dr. Killely with the usual retinue.

Society is agitated over the question as to whether Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Connaught, will accompany the Duke to Ottawa. So far the acceptation has been in the name of the Duke, no mention being made of his august spouse, and it has been taken for granted that she would accompany him. Now a horrid doubt has seized upon those most interested and it is felt that for the Duke to come without the Duchess would be to deprive the event of its greatest interest.

The Lady Stanley Institute for Trained Nurses, a philanthropic enterprise in which Her Excellency, as the promoter, feels a most absorbing interest, is making rapid progress to a successful completion. Subscriptions are constantly being forwarded to Mr. Treasurer, the latest being a sum of $51 the receipts of two fashionable afternoon concerts organized by Miss M. Drew-Ingall. The ground and building is already assured and the furnishing of the Institution is now being looked after. The committee is anxiously awaiting the return of Lady Stanley, whose powerful aid is required to secure the balance of the requisite funds.

The prorogation ceremonies this year were equally as brilliant as those of any previous session. Parliament grounds and the terrace were crowded with spectators and the lawns and well trimmed flower beds presented a most refreshing aspect. The guard of honor was furnished by the Foot Guards, the escort being taken from the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. His Excellency and aide-de-camp, Hon. Edward Stanley, were seated in an open barouche driven by a gorgeous coachman in a wig and scarlet knee-breeches, supported by a powdered footman in the same refulgent inexpressibles. His Excellency wore the Windsor uniform and Mr. Stanley, the huge bearskin and scarlet tunic of the Grenadier Guards. As the carriage dashed into the ground, a salute of nineteen guns boomed from Nepean Point, where the Field Battery was stationed. His Excellency was received at the

(*Continued on page Twelve.*)

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TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

It is a queer old chest—one's memory. How things are crowded and entangled, and what relics there are hidden away which have been forgotten until we go to seek something.

Sometimes it is a melancholy pleasure to finger the long-packed souvenirs of other days—often the dust is blown off with a sigh that registers a sorrow.

How curiously interwoven are many of the treasures. Like a piece of cloth in its firmness, with perplexed many-colored threads, lies one year of life. We would ponder one event, we think, and with gentle fingers we strive to pull a single thread. It is impossible. They are too fine. Our clumsy touch has loosened a dozen.

Last week I was half dozing in a railway carriage—tired to death, my enterprising and talkative Yankee friend would say. We were approaching a small station. The brakeman called out the name. I did not doze again for an hour. That name brought childish sorrows and joys to me. I had never been there, but it was the home of an old woman whose kind old English face I remember well. Ah, she was good and patient, even when "little malade" did skip as she was trying to "lose" herself in that afternoon nap. The wrinkled yellow face was almost beautiful in its good nature as she helped me tie up my swing, and pathetic in its sorrowful tenderness when she told me stories of her English home.

*

It is likely that every girl that ever puckered up her mouth to whistle has embarrassing recollections of gravely-shaken heads and scornful fingers, while, variously-inflected and stingingly emphasized, the old saw runs through the mind. It was uncomplimentary—that proverb. In this age of progress it has been attended to, and now reads:

"Girls that whistle and hens that crow,
Will make their way wherever they go."

So now we may all whistle—if we can.

I had a little chat with Miss Laura McManus, who has whistled herself into a circle of admiring friends. She says she always wanted to whistle, and has been reminded that one of her baby disappointments was that she was not a boy and could not whistle without being scolded.

"I've been at it now for four years—in public," said Miss McManus, "and I've whistled ever since I was four years old."

I said: "Indeed." I thought, not such a very long time since you first began, and you need not look so thoughtful as you count the years.

*

What dainty gowns we shall see this summer, for the "sprigged" materials are in full favor once again. That word always reminds me of a down east maiden lady's best calico gown of sprigged lilac. The flower-strewed surface is the acme of neatness, when the pattern is not over large—and this year there are such varieties shown.

India silks have pearl-tinted grounds with sprays of pale lilacs. A clear light gray is strewn with clusters of pink and white fuchsias, and a bronze ground is toned down and lightened by bunches of lily of the valley.

*

Wash silks for outing dresses are in all the dark colors with fanciful stripes of white and color for combination.

The handkerchief hat is a novelty created for the especial benefit of the tailor-made girl. Its brim is of straw, and the crown is a soft fluffy mass of puffs. A silk handkerchief is often used for this crown, twisted daintily about, with the ends knotted at the left side.

Ivory belts are one of Fashion's vagaries. They are expensive and elegant, though, so why should she be scolded?

Evening dresses are being again covered with bead passementerie. Naturally, jet and pearl are the favorites, though crystal is somewhat newer.

Ginghams are almost rivalled by dull-finished percales, which, in common with most of the imported cottons, are not designed with any reference to the demands of the laundry. They are usually cleaned by the dry process of the professional scourer.

Parasols are growing larger so that they may not be eclipsed by the large straw hats.

*

It does my heart good to hear a man lose his vocabulary, his patience and his head in a vain attempt to describe a bonnet or a gown. It is nearly as much fun to ask for a description of a woman. Partly from a substantial desire to have some idea of the personal appearance of a woman whom I knew by name and partly for the purpose of enjoying the unique description sure to follow I asked: "Is she nice-looking?"

He hardly knew; but he talked along very cleverly about her unusual tastes, her self-reliance and other strong-minded qualities, finishing up with the earnestly emphasized statement that she wasn't a woman a man would "hanker after." I thought of false front curls, a tail, stiff collar and a necktie, with a severe pair of glasses, but I do not know the color of her eyes or hair, her figure, height or complexion from the description.

*

It has been my misfortune to come into very close contact with that aggressive woman with four big bundles, who stares from the car window when you glance inquiringly at the seat her parcels occupy. She is a nuisance, and no mistake. She affects an air of complete oblivion to the discontent about her. Her mental machinery is evidently manufacturing dresses from that bundle of bargains, and the parcels hold honored place. Then the pushing man comes along. It is a pleasure to hear his sarcastically polite request for the seat; to mark her resentment at his "impudence," and to watch the reddened face with which she helps down the treasured bundle to the floor. It is unkind, I know, to feel glad at confusion, but when the embarrassment is only the result of an overstepping of the rights of others, perhaps one may be excused for the uncharitableness.

*

"The scenery is fine down there," said an ardent bicyclist, as he caressed four adult blisters on his hand. "A splendid run we had, and——" "The scenery, of course," I put in, laughingly. "How you boys do enjoy—scenery, and what a jolly time you have flirting with—the scenery. I know all about it. I'm so fond of rowing in the moonlight on account of the—scenery."

Of course they had a "splendid run," and quite as surely there are many blisters. Had they come from a little gardening there would have gone up a chorus of wails—mighty, prolonged bemoanings, which would have sounded and echoed through the whole year. This is undeniable, and yet men call us to account for our misspent energy. We'll not endure it.

CLIP CAREW.

Tazwell's Moll.

For Saturday Night.

O! you ain't bin yar so long you say,
Thet things ain't jest as they ust to be,
Ole frens and fax kinder went extray,
An' you want to know? Wa-al you hark to me
An' lis tell you 'bout what cum that fall
To ole man Tazzull and Tazzull's Moll.

You left in '89— now let—me see,
Moll was only a pullet then;
Pooty? Pooty erauff for three,
An' she growed to thur slickest little hen
Thet ever cackled around a farm,
Er hid her nest underneath a barn.

She was too pooty, I surmise,
Fur er own good—but to hear her laff,
An' see thur map uv her dancin' eyes,
Sot a man's heart goin' lighter'n chaff,
An' thur boys jest jumpt to 'er beck and call,
Thar was nothin' too good for Tazzull's Moll.

'Er mammy'd gone ded afore you went,
An' 'er ole man jest med that gal his god,
She was a sunshin' he said they'd sent
Fur to mind him uv her below thur sod,
Till cum uv us 'lowed he went too fur,
An' God wern't a-rivallin' long of her.

Howsumever, thur boys kep' a-tryin',
A-courtin' and doin' thur level best,
Thar was walkin' an' drivin' an' mebbe lyin'
Fur all I know, till you couldent rest,
But never a one uv 'em big nur small
'Peared to make much headway with Tazzull's Moll.

Till byme-by when thur woods was yeller,
An' thur quail-time cum an' thur crops was in,
One day thar arriv' a city feller
With a speckle dawg an' a heap uv tin,
An' a gun an' a dandified hunlin' suit,
An' a soul too small for a mangy brute.

Wa-al, he hanged around fur a month er more,
Sumtimes a-chasin' arter quail
An' buyin' kickshaws down to the store,
An' a-carryin' thet gal's milkin' pail,
An' actin' fool, till it 'peared to me
That I knowed how thur thing was goin' to be.

We giv' ole Tazzull hints, we did,
But we might as well her saved our jaw.
He swared thet *thing*—thet city kid
Was thur nicest feller he ever saw,
An' at last he actually hed thur gall
To 'low thet he guesst he'd marry Moll.

No fool like an ole fool seen these days,
Thur thing turnt out like we did it would;
I know them fellers an' thur ways,
An' never knowed 'em catched doin' good.
So thur shame uv it all cum out one day,
An' thur was jest ole hell to pay.

Moll hed skipt, but she left a note,
Wit a-tremblin' an' wet with tears,
An' thur shame jest stuck in thur ole man's throat,
But he was proud, an' it tuk two years
Uv black disgrace fur to sap his life
An send him down alongside thur wife.

Thar was tar an' whips fur thet cuss I guess,
But he wern't one uv thur kind to wait,
He never cum back to see thur mess
An' he wern't thur man fur to set things straight.
An' Moll, in Detroit, crackt on style
In sin an' shame, an med a pile.

Strange what thur wimmin be, one day
Two years later, thet cur was nailed,
Drunk an' noisesum he'd blowed away
All his tin an' they med him jailed,
An Moll, like a woman, drawed thur line
At parsecutin', an' paid thur fine.

She'd never seen him meantimes, but she
Cum to thur resky jest thur same,
With her sin alont money she sot him free
An' handed him back his rotten name,
An' started him fresh an' tole him to git,
Fur, like a woman, she luved him yit.

He braced hisself an' work a spell,
He was smart they tell me when he chose,
An' down in St. Louis he done right well,
Alint gress big wages an' wore good close,
But God was a-takin' no sich luck
He gits thar slow, but He gets his share.

Thet feller got stuck on a pooty miss
With lots uv money—thur day was set,
But Moll catched on, an' it's jest like this,
Thet weddin' never cum off, you bet!
Fur right in thur church, afore 'em all
Jest like a woman, cum Tazzull's Moll!

She tole thur tale, an' thet lets me out—
O! Sumthin' the boys found over there,
With silks an' velvis all spread about
On thur ole man's grave, an' tuzzled hair,
An' a piazen bottle, med us feel small
An' alint forgiveness fur Tazzull's Moll.

ED. W. SARDIS.

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Meantime Callander and Egerton walked slowly towards the hotel where the Dowager had established herself. Here Egerton left him.

There had been little intercourse between Mrs. Callander and her son, since she had ventured to express her suspicions of Standish so plainly; she had been secretly anxious to make matters smooth once more, but it was not easy to approach him. He was so silent and self-contained that unless she began the subject, and that as she well knew by retracting all that she had insinuated, there was small chance of getting him beyond the merest commonplace. To retract was impossible to her. Towards her daughter in law she had a quiet but immovable aversion. She was a living memento of defeat, and Mrs. Callander was perpetually on the look-out for faults which she felt certain existed. Her theory was, that Mabel's soft, tranquil manner masked an iron will, profound dissimulation and unscrupulous plotting. Without the lures of a fascinating person, her son would never have been drawn from the allegiance due to a mother—without an amount of designing self control Mabel could never have succeeded in avoiding a quarrel with her mother-in-law. Mrs. Callander's dearest wish was to have some legitimate cause of complaint against her son's wife, and finding it impossible to irritate her into incivility, she established several disapprobation of her affectionate familiarity with her guardian instead.

Not that Mrs. Callander, in her heart, for a moment suspected real evil—she merely seized the only peg available on which to hang a grievance. Had her remonstrances and insinuations roused her son's wrath and jealousy, she would have been satisfied, but to see him unmoved roused her to exaggeration both of thought and word. When at last she succeeded in stirring him to speech, it was to speech of a very different kind from what she desired. In all this distortion of judgment and cruelty of heart, she never doubted her own righteousness—her own clearsightedness—her sincere desire to do kindly and justly both by son and daughter-in law, nor abated by a breath the ardor of her prayers and thanksgivings, especially for not being quite as other women are.

But though she firmly believed that her feelings towards Mabel partook more of sorrow than of anger, she did not hide from herself the unmitigated dislike—nay hatred—with which she regarded Standish.

He was poor, yet perfectly independent. Coming of an ancient race and admitted into the best society, he yet had no sounding title which might be flourished in the face of the world, and for all Mrs. Callander's social circle knew, he might be a stock-broker, or a retired draper, or anything else *bourgeois* and obscure, without that gilding of wealth which makes any bread pill acceptable; and this nobody, a mere clerk in the Foreign Office, had a sort of ineffable superiority that she could not away with. He was perfectly polite and well-bred—in the simplest manner—yet she felt herself—she, Mrs. Bruce Callander, with all her wealth, and church influence and admiring evangelical friends, dwarfed into insignificance when face to face with this easy-going, good-humored man, who seemed to say everything that came uppermost, yet never made a mistake, and in whose presence she felt her own elaborate dignity and careful speech, her heavy politeness and covert allusions to her grand acquaintance, and her all-sufficing wealth so much unmanageable dead weight, more likely to sink the vessel than to steady its progress.

Then the doctrines held by Standish on many points were utterly damnable. In politics an advanced Liberal—in religion a free thinker—she even darkly doubted that he ever went to church! Yet he dared to argue with the Reverend Horace Bablington, a man whom Lord Beaconsfield came more than once to hear and had invited to dinner, and was not a bit convinced by that eminent divine's assertions and inferences. In short he was a malignant of the worst type—a malignant she was afraid to tackle. Then the cool way in which he seemed to take Mabel's extraordinary good fortune as regarded her marriage—such a marriage for her—was a deadly offence. Indeed, as Mrs. Callander observed to her much enduring companion; whose lips were supposed to be hermetically sealed by the aristocratic will of her mistress, "It is impossible to trust a man whose ideas are so strange, whose views are so extremely vague! Mr. Standish is a person of no fixed principle, and perfectly without religion. It makes me shudder to think of his roaming about my poor son's house, unchecked and undetected. I earnestly pray that no serious harm may come of it."

When Colonel Callander was ushered into his mother's sitting-room he found her as usual prettily and elaborately dressed, and knitting a hugh coverlet, while Miss Boothby read aloud the *Times*.

She gave a cold, straight, unresponsive hand to her son.

"I hope you are all right after your long day in the open air?" he said, as he drew a chair near her work table.

"Thank you. I am as usual. I get little sleep. My mind is too anxious to permit of repose!"

"That's bad," said Colonel Callander, vaguely.

"You need not say, Miss Boothby," said the dowager. "I wish to converse with my son." The meek companion rose with a small smile and disappeared.

"I came to ask if you have any commands, as I think of going up to town to-morrow, I want to arrange one or two matters before going north.

"North! why, where are you going to now?" querulously.

"Mabel and I think of taking a trip through the Highlands, or to Switzerland. I think she wants a change as much as I do."

"There I agree with you," observed Mrs. Callander, significantly. "She has had a worn, distressed look ever since—I mean, for a considerable time."

"You think so?" said her son, with a quick fiery wrathful flash from his dark eyes—a warning signal even his mother dared not disregard. "I trust she has not given her distress or anxiety—at all events she seems to consider the panacea for her ills is a quiet journey with me."

"I am sincerely glad to hear it," with pointed emphasis—"pray when do you start?"

"Early next week. May I ask what your plans are?"

"If you are going away there is no particular object in my remaining. I don't suppose even when you return I shall see much of you."

"There is no reason why we should not be as much together as you like," returned the colonel, drily. "However, if you are comfortable here, and don't mind staying, I shall be glad if you would, because"—he stopped and seemed to have lost the thread of his discourse, his eyes wandering to the window, and evidently preoccupied with some distant object visible to the inner sense.

"Well?" said his mother at last, looking up from her knitting with some surprise, "why do you wish me to stay!

Her son looked at her with a bewildered aspect, and then passing his hand over his brow, exclaimed, "I beg your pardon! I forgot what I was saying! I wished you to stay. Oh! yes, I wished you to stay, because Mabel and I intend to be away about six weeks or so, and Dorothy will be here alone—that would be of no consequence, but Egerton has just proposed to me for her. It seems that Dorothy refused him, but he very wisely will not take a girl's first no. So he begs to be allowed opportunities of pressing his suit—and—"

"Refused him!" said Mrs. Callander, in a high key. "She must be out of her mind. He is a match for an earl's daughter. Why, it will be quite a distinguished connection. Of course she will accept him! she must. Dorothy has her tempers, and is altogether wanting in a knowledge of what she owes to us, but I always thought there was some moral worth in her."

"Ultimately she will do as she likes, but Egerton ought to have a fair chance. Now if you are here he can see her with you, under your chaperonage, and Henrietta will probably also stay—otherwise—" he paused.

"I never hesitate to sacrifice myself on the altar of duty," said Mrs. Callander, in a lofty tone, "or for the good of others, for I cannot say I owe any duty to your sister-in-law, but if it is an accommodation to you, my dear son, I will remain till you return."

"You see there are no relations or friends to whom we can send Dorothy."

"I am quite aware of that," put in his mother, sharply. Callander did not heed her.

"And," he continued, "even if Standish could stay on here, he could not be the sort of protection you can be."

"Nor do I suppose it likely he will remain while you are away," remarked Mrs. Callander, sweetly.

"Mother!" he cried, "do you know how cruel you are? Do you know that my life is bound up in Mabel's—in Mabel's love and truth? Nothing you say moves my faith in her—yet—yet—you torment me. She is—she always will be spotless—in the eyes of all men."

He sprang up and paced to and fro rapidly, with occasional fierce gestures.

"Spotless! my dear Herbert! I should hope so!" returned Mrs. Callander, with the obtuseness of a hard, unsympathetic woman. "Do you think I meant anything beyond the necessity of attending to appearances? When a man like Mr. Standish—a man of the world in the worst sense—is seen morning, noon and night with a young woman whom some people consider handsome. Why—"

"Be silent!" he exclaimed, harshly, turning to face her, with such wrath in his eyes that even the unimaginative old woman cowered for a moment. "Understand me! unless you cease to insult me by harping on these hideous possibilities I will never see your face again! I should have broken with you before, but that I dreaded that Mabel should be outraged by knowledge of the reason why I dropped all intercourse with my mother. God! could you think that sweet simple soul could ever be drawn from her children—from me? Is such a possibility comprehensible to you?" There was keen pain as well as burning indignation in his tone.

"The wickedness of the unregenerate heart is unfathomable," said his mother severely, "and I greatly fear Mabel does not know how to look for strength. It's impossible to say where unguarded beginnings may lead poor weak creatures, and your wife, though an amiable woman, is no doubt easily influenced, in short, not what you would call a person of strong character."

"No—thank God, she is not! How should I have got on with a woman of strong character? —I say, mother—enough of this. I feel my head dizzy! If we are to be friends—"

"I will never speak to you on the subject again," said his mother, with an injured and dignified air. "I hope you will at least consience is clear. I have not left you in ignorance! Now, as regards Dorothy—?"

Callander was again pacing to and fro—his head bent down, lips moving slightly—as if forming unuttered words. Then, with an effort, he repeated as he paused opposite her—"Dorothy!—Ay! We must not forget Dorothy. Will you stay here and let Egerton come to and fro, and see her under your auspices?

"I shall be happy to further an alliance calculated to reflect credit on you and yours, Herbert."

"I don't want any reflected credit," he returned impatiently. "I am obliged to you, however, and I will bid you good-bye for the present. I am going to ride with Egerton this afternoon, and dine at mess with Tolhurst, of the 175th, this evening. So I shall not see you till I return from town. Good-bye, and, remember!" He took her hand coldly enough and turned, and left the room—almost running against the Rev. Thomas Gilmore, who was coming upstairs, as he often did about lunch hour.

But the rencontre did not suggest his own luncheon to Callander. He wandered away past the pier, to an old disused landing-place, a relic of times when Fordsea was in a very primitive condition. Here he sat down, and with fixed eyes, which saw nothing round him, he reviewed the past—or rather, the past came uncalled—and unrolled its pictures—vivid pictures!—glowing in the warm light of intense thought thrown back upon the past.

These first exquisite days of married life—when he had to win his wife to love—the slight fear which gratified even while it troubled him. Her growing confidence, her timidity—her sweet peace of their life—the tender anxiety for her, when the languor and depression of delicate health grew upon her; the occasional dread lest he were not quite young and blithe enough for her; the agony of parting; his mother's letters, full of hints and innuendoes which he scarcely understood; the delight of returning after his illness; the gnawing, undefined fear that a year's absence had, in some degree, undone the work of the past; that a flimsy something—he knew not what—had become between them—that she turned with more confidence and familiarity to her guardian than to himself; that her old timidity had come back to her! If—if it were possible that the smallest chill had breathed on her love—how was to endure it! He dared not dwell on such a thought—he trembled at the shadow of possible agony which fell on him at the suggestion. No! There were moments when Mabel was her old self, even more frankly loving. And this projected tour!—they would enjoy a heavenly *tete-a-tete*. He would again be all in all to her. Surely, surely, in spite of these fits of irritation, which must terrify so timid a soul, even though she herself was sacred to him. His future complete recovery would be for her sake—for the sake of those dear to him, he must regain the self-mastery, once so strong. "God only knows how hard the struggle—God only knows!" he muttered. "When we are alone I will tell Mabel all—all the curious strain and burning anger that beset me at times. She will be touched—she will pity—she will help me. Love will give her courage—for she loves me. Yes. I can believe nothing, save that she loves me well."

CHAPTER III.

"TAKING SWEET COUNSEL."

Colonel Callander had not looked so well since he returned from India as the morning he started for London. He undertook various commissions for his sister-in-law, but his wife had said she wanted nothing.

"I have everything I want, and more than I deserve," she added, as she kissed her husband tenderly at parting.

"I do not think so! Now rest and gather strength to enjoy our ramble together, for you look pale and feeble." He was inclined to pour out words of passionate endearment, but repressed them, as a first effort of the self-control he felt it so important to regain.

Dorothy had begun to forget the disturbing effect of Egerton's avowal; and as he did not appear for two whole days, hoped he would not renew the subject.

Standish had gone to dine and sleep at a country house at some distance to meet Lord R——, his chief, so the sisters had a very tranquil day, its only disturbance being a visit from the dowager, who came in unwonted good humor. In the evening, a little to Dorothy's dismay, Miss Oakeley walked in just before dinner, to have a little talk, she said, accompanied by Egerton and Major St. John, who was, Miss Oakeley thought, immensely struck with her, whereas St. John was equally sure he had made a profound impression on Miss Oakeley, and was, in consideration of her endowments, disposed to encourage her attentions.

The sisters were sitting together in sympathetic silence at that most witching hour, "the gloaming."

Dorothy had, of course, told Mabel of the declaration with which Egerton had startled her, and was somewhat surprised at the manner in which Mabel had received her confidence. She was not amazed, she murmured something about his being nice and interesting and a good match, then she added, "Are you quite sure you could not like him, dear?"

"Yes, quite sure," was Dorothy's prompt reply. "I used to like him ever so much better before. I cannot think what put it into his head to imagine he wants to marry me!"

"I don't think it is so extraordinary," said Mabel, and dropped the subject.

"Dear me! What a pair of forsaken ones!" cried Miss Oakeley, when she made out the two figures sitting in the recess of the window. "To see you watching the waning light without your accustomed attendants is quite affecting."

"I knew Herbert went off this morning; but what has become of Mr. Standish?" Mabel explained.

"Well, I am surprised at his quitting his post in that fashion," resumed Miss Oakeley. "As your guardian, he ought to stay when Herbert goes."

"Considering the state of civilization in which we live, we may possibly be able to take care of ourselves," said Dorothy, drily.

"Oh! it is odious not to have someone to take care of you, it makes one feel so selfish!" exclaimed Miss Oakeley in a sentimental tone. "I don't like to be obliged to think about myself."

"That is rather weak, is it not?" said Major St. John. "Self-preservation is the first law of—Nature."

"A law that is rarely broken," put in Egerton, carelessly; "but, Miss Oakeley, you are forgetting your benevolent errand."

"No, indeed I am not. Dorothy, I am going to get up a concert in aid of the funds of the Sailors' Home, and the schools attached to it. We'll have it in the large reading-room, and persuade Colonel Tryon to send us some of the bandsmen. Now, Dorothy, I want you to sing a duet with me, and take part in a trio. Mr. Standish has a good voice—a baritone, hasn't he?"

"Sing in a concert! Oh, I don't think I am equal to that!"

"Yes you are! You shall take the second! Your voice is contralto!"

"Let me think about it."

"Think! nonsense! Come and practice with me to-morrow morning, at any rate; it will help me in my part, even if I have to find another to sing."

"I am quite willing to help you so far."

"I knew you would be! Then you play nicely—you could accompany some of them; everyone must help. I don't know what you can do?" turning to St. John, and contemplating him with a puzzled look.

"Beat the big drum," he returned, with an ineffable air.

"That requires a certain amount of genius," said Dorothy.

"Sell programmes at the door at sixpence apiece," suggested Egerton.

"No, I'll be your special side-de-camp, Miss Oakeley, or orderly—and do what I am bid."

"Not a bad way to make yourself useful," she returned, with a small, approving nod. "Now, Mabel, what can you contribute?"

"Some very humble work, Henrietta. I think all I can promise is to act as secretary, or under-secretary."

"Very well! do ring for lights and I will show you a rough sketch of our manifesto."

(To be Continued.)

And she Laughed.

"So you have been wooing Miss Pepperton again!" said a friend to Willie Washington.

"Yes."

"Did she smile on your suit?"

"She did moah."

"Ah!"

"She laughed."—*Washington Post.*

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To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

MARY A. SMITH.—See Corinne.

CORINNE.—Energetic, impulsive and generous.

EAPHONIA.—Orderly, sensible, sensitive and candid.

ANNO DOMINI.—Practical, self-willed and indecisive.

CORNELIA.—Warm-hearted, decisive and self-esteeming.

DOLLIE.—You are, I think, cordial, resolute and rather precise.

CHUMMIE.—Resolute, a little ostentatious, wilful and affectionate.

BLOSSOM, Hamilton.—Self-assertive, studious, sympathetic and sensitive.

FIGHT.—Your writing corresponds in every particular with that of Canuck.

CANUCK.—Decidedly fond of flattery, self-reliant, self-willed, persevering and orderly.

W. I. F., Stratford.—Your writing shows honesty, generosity, impulse and tact.

FAITH.—This writing shows much insincerity, an unsympathetic nature and indecis on.

OLD SOAK, Hamilton.—Reserved, practical, unostentatious and rather unsympathetic.

NEMO, Hamilton.—Cordial, candid, affectionate, rather vain, ambitious and imaginative.

DIMPLE.—Ice cold, unsympathetic, self-willed, erratic in temperament, ambitious and self-esteeming.

LILY.—Sensitiveness, carelessness, ambition and a little indecision are shown by your writing.

FLORAIN B.—Your writing shows order, reserve, a simple, unaffected nature, decision and ambition.

MAMA'S BOY.—You are doubtless rather self-willed, affectionate, warm-hearted, candid and light-hearted.

BROWNIE, Hamilton.—Generous, sympathetic, ready-witted, quick-tempered and a little haughty.

EMMA D.—Ambition, resolution, vivacity, volubility, hasty temper and self-esteem are denoted by your writing.

BLACKIE.—Your writing clearly shows pride, originality, and erratic temperament, a little pettishness and self-confidence.

TYTANIA.—Your nicely-worded request shows in its eccentric letters originality, self-reliance, sympathy and some pride.

MARGUERITE M., Lindsay.—This specimen exhibits much force of character, reserve, a happy disposition, some self-esteem and sympathy.

PERSIE.—Impulsive, affectionate, hasty-tempered, self-willed and orderly. You would, I think, prove a faithful friend for you are very sincere.

L. I. SHAW, London.—About the lexicon I will make inquiries. Your writing shows energy, decision, thoughtfulness, originality and wilfulness.

PEACH BLOSSOM.—You are, I fancy, quite orderly, rather reserved, a little unsympathetic and self-willed. The other questions, I fear, I cannot answer.

THELMA.—Are you not a little eccentric? I should say so, and besides that you are impulsive, warm-hearted, sincere, a little self-assertive but unostentatious.

OLIAH.—You are probably generous, pushing, resolute, ambitious and original. The enclosed shows self-esteem, good intuition, a little fondness for fashion and much tenderness.

ANNIE LAURIE, Parkdale.—Your chosen name has been used before—once two weeks since, I think. I hope you did not mistake the answer. Your writing shows sincerity, tenderness and considerable self-will.

DAVID.—No, I have not read the books you mention; but I believe them to be unquestionably "good ones." Your writing shows much force of character, sincerity, a devotion to justice and a ready sympathy.

C. P. C., London.—A ready sympathy, ambition and force of attachment with some originality are clearly marked in your writing. The enclosed exhibits perseverance, resolution, pride and sincerity.

SEVENTH BOY, North West.—You must have grown very tired waiting for your answer, but here it is. Your writing shows much decision and perseverance, a joyous disposition, originality and considerable self-will.

CONCEIT.—Indeed, I much like to see the cap and gown worn—not, of course, upon all occasions, but generally speaking. Your writing shows perseverance, order, a little fondness for flattery, and much generosity.

JACK O. KELLAY, London.—Your half-jocular plea arouses my sympathy. I wish I could help you, but unfortunately I have had no experience. Your writing is that of a nice young man who is sensitive, generous, warm-hearted, self-esteeming and indecisive.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—This specimen is better. The other was too short and looked hurried, careless and illegible. It was too bad to keep you waiting. This shows justice, candor, a little carelessness, self-esteem and generosity. Will you write again whenever you wish and think I can help you.

PERPLEXED.—The letter could not have reached me. Did you sign the same name, I wonder? This writing shows a decided temperament, a desire for change and gaiety, a little vanity and much generosity. Write again, if you wish, and tell me if the last letter was written over Penelope.

WHITE LILAC, Kingston.—Your plaintive request to "be stay" has drawn forth many commendations to be as democratic as your writing, is rather amusing. Why, White Lilac, the writing is pretty and it shows a demonstrative nature, kindness of heart, a merry disposition, candor and self-will. Is it not so?

D. B. R. M. C., Belleville.—Your versified request is very prettily worded. I trust you will be quite satisfied. You are romantic, my dear, wilful, a little disposed to like flattery, and I take it a contented and happy individual, inclined to look on the bright side of life and ignore the wrinkles in rose leaves.

ETHEL K., Montreal.—Your lover is in the right. You have no cause to be jealous. It would seem to me that you would be pleased to see him so courteous. Jealousy of attentions demanded by good form is rather silly—don't you think so? If you love him, you must trust him, and if you trust him you should trust his judgment.

LUCRETIA.—Your writing shows intuition, an emotional nature, fair decision and much mirthfulness. No. 1. Self-esteem, resolution and tact. 2 Sincerity, perseverance and practical nature. 3. Self-will, originality and carelessness. 4. Energy, reserve and decision. 5. Kindness of heart, a little ostentation, but much sincerity. 6. Ambition, tenderness and good intuition.

LOTTIE.—Intrigue between them if an opportunity occurs, though meeting at the house of a common friend is sufficient introduction for the occasion, if a presentation has been neglected. Your writing shows much energy and ability, and I think you would make an excellent controller of domestic machinery, for I see patience, order and a happy temperament, with brightness in conversation.

DESPAIR, Ottawa.—Oh! I am so sorry for you. It is very hard. Are you glad, why did you not ask your mother? You should feel free to speak with her upon any subject. She knows all about lovers, and you may be sure she would have advised you aright. I should sure have done as you has tried to part you. Perhaps if you wrote just asking if the letter had been received, it would be well. It may sound like a wee sacrifice of dignity, but so many cruel mistakes have been made that I should advise you to try. Yes, perhaps you may write again, but take my advice and tell your mother.

SYLVIA.—You ask me how it is "that giddy lively girls take with men so much better than quiet sensible ones." I think sensible men admire sensible girls; but if the idea of being sensible outweighs all else, they may turn to the "giddy" ones for the little nonsense which the old saw tells us is relished by the wisest of the masculine creation. Men love to be opposed and amused, and they can't stand too much common sense in a woman and won't stand too much opposition. The girl who strikes the oft quoted happy medium is the one who is attractive. It does not do to be too wise, too sensible or too giddy.

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Only A Waitress.

"You make a great mistake, Annie dear," said Georgie Matthews to her friend, Annie Forrester, who had applied for, and received, the position of waitress at one of the large seaside hotels. "You are too pretty to risk the questionable compliments that your beauty may cause you to receive; and, beside the situation is beneath you."

The dark blue eyes of pretty Annie Forrester opened wide with surprise.

"Well, Georgie," she replied, "as for the occupation being beneath me, I have always been taught to think that there is no labor which is degrading of itself; while as for the questionable compliments I may receive, I am an American girl, and can always manage to take care of myself. I would rather be at work even as a waitress than feel, as now, that I am a burden to Uncle Charles; and beside, you know I must have money for the next year's course at the Normal."

The coach next day bore Annie from the quiet old farmhouse, and at evening she reached her destination, a fashionable watering-place situated at the head of one of those beautiful estuaries on the coast of Maine.

At the time of her arrival other stages from the train had just driven up, crowded with newly arrived guests, and none gave a thought to the slender blonde who descended from the lumbering old vehicle. Annie paused for a moment, undecided, when a young man, noticing her hesitation, politely offered his assistance in lieu of the absent porter.

With her modest luggage she they proceeded towards the office, when she said, with some embarrassment:

"I wish to go to the servants' room, please; I am one of the new waitresses."

A suppressed titter was heard from the piazza, where sat Roland Martin's sister, Mrs. Kenilworth, and his friend, George Dartmore. Indignantly Roland glanced in that direction for a single instant, and then, with a bow as low as he would have given to a princess, he took his leave of Annie.

It was not safe to attempt to chaff Roland Martin. He had a way of taking desperately serious views of certain things. Still, both his sister and Dartmore attempted to do so when he rejoined them on the piazza.

"A pretty little girl is your yellow-haired waitress," said Dartmore.

"Another Don Quixote, who has found his Dulcinea del Toboso," added Mrs. Kenilworth.

"Really Eleanor, are all ladies jealous of the slightest attentions shown to others?" Then, turning to Dartmore, "You should be more guarded until you have seen her bank account, Dartmore. Isn't that the new way of deciding who are beauties?"

Dartmore bit his lip with vexation. There was just a little truth in the covert accusation. He would have found the pretty widow, Mrs. Kenilworth, probably not so attractive, were it not for the comfortable fortune of which she was known to be possessed.

Eleanor Kenilworth was a good woman and a kind sister, but travelling in the fashionable world has had guided her life almost entirely among one classic of individuals, she had a strong aversion to what she was pleased to call the "aggressiveness of the lower classes." In this instance, however, she had gone too far. Her handsome brother had taken the bit in his teeth, as he was prone to do at times.

"At least, dear Roland," she replied, "do not expect me to meet her on common ground."

"Wait until you find out upon what ground she may wish to meet you, Nellie," he answered, pleasantly, and then abruptly changed the subject.

Despite the significant smiles and nudges of his fashionable acquaintances, Roland Martin had the courage to bow politely to Annie when they next met.

"She is a lady," he insisted; "that one can readily see, no matter how she may have been compelled to accept this position. And, after all, is it not practising what our republic has so long preached? Is not any labor honorable so long as it is faithfully performed?"

One evening, when she had gotten a few leisure moments, Annie wandered down to the sea shore, and stood watching the narrow strait, through which the rushing tide dashing over the rough stones made a melancholy music.

Annie stood gazing away toward the golden sky in the west. She was a trifle homesick, and would gladly have been once more in the quiet old farm-house. Tears filled her eyes, and so lost was she in thought that she did not notice the lapse of time nor the gathering darkness; suddenly she heard a voice, apparently from the sea itself.

"May I ask you to step into my boat?" And Roland Martin held the little craft almost at her feet.

"Thank you, no," she replied confusedly, while a faint tinge of color flushed her face.

"But indeed you must," he replied smilingly. "The tide is already upon you, and you cannot reach the hotel in any other way."

"How absurd of me!" she said. Then, blushing deeper. "I will have to accept your kind assistance, Mr.——"

"Roland Martin, at your service, Miss——"

"Annie Forrester," she replied with a slight laugh, as she stepped into the little boat.

He rowed away with vigorous strokes, and in silence. In a few moments the boat had landed near the hotel; but not before George Dartmore's sharp eyes had seen them, and directed Mrs. Kenilworth's glance in that quarter.

"Your brother seems devoted to the newcomer," he remarked.

"There is no accounting for tastes," she replied curtly, and changed the subject; mentally vowing, however, to give Roland a lecture on the first offered opportunity. The opportunity soon presented itself.

"Roland," said she, "if you have no respect for your own position you should hesitate to jeopardize that of this young person by taking her rowing in your boat. Remember that she is only a waitress, and people will talk; the result will be her expulsion from the hotel."

"But you don't understand the situation," he began.

"Excuse me," she interrupted, "no circumstances would justify your action."

"Well, Nellie, I saw Miss Forrester on a rock, and about to be engulfed by the incoming tide, yet you tell me that the circumstances did not justify my bringing her to the land! O woman, woman!" he added so dolefully that Eleanor laughed in spite of herself.

"Well, Roland," she said, good-naturedly, "you were right again, and I was wrong. I will explain the affair among our set; but whatever you do, don't force her upon us."

The summer passed rapidly away. Each day served to show Roland Martin the superiority of this girl, who was "only a waitress," over those whom his fond sister would have chosen for his companion. Several times he had spoken to Annie in passing, but fearing she had simply returned his salutation; and he had too much respect for her to attempt to force his attentions upon her.

One sultry afternoon, when nearly every one in the hotel was dozing, Annie had again sought her place by the sea-shore. Sadder still were her thoughts. A new, indefinable feeling had sprung up in her heart. She wished to leave the hotel, and yet there was a certain pleasure in being near Roland Martin. Why had it been so fated that he had been the only one to offer her assistance? Despite the disparity of their positions, she felt that she would be miserable if even this slight acquaintance was terminated.

"Georgie was right. I should never have come here," she sighed.

Just then a childish shriek arose in the distance. About a quarter of a mile away was a small boat, drifting fast toward the rapids, through which the falling tide was causing whirlpools and eddies. Three little childish faces, white with terror; were turned toward Annie. Nellie Kenilworth and two smaller companions had been playing in one of the row boats, which, breaking adrift, had gradually drifted down, unknown at first to them, and unheeded afterward, until the hoarse voice of the rapids had stricken them with terror.

Without thought of herself, Annie sprang into the water. She was not an expert swimmer, but fortunately the boat was drifting near the shore; and panting with exertion, she managed at last to drag herself into it. Seizing the oars, she began pulling for dear life against the swift out running tide.

To her consternation, she saw that the boat was gradually filling with water. Her added weight was causing it to fill faster. Hard as she toiled, she was now just barely stemming the current, and she knew that it was only a question of a short time when her strength would be exhausted, and then the frail boat and its occupants would go whirling down the rapids, and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

She breathed a short prayer to Heaven. It was hard to die, but would it not be better for her to die here, trying to save these little children, than to live only to cherish a hopeless love?

As if in answer to her thought, a voice came clear and sharp across the water.

"Pull hard, my brave girl!"

It was Roland Martin, who, having heard the shrieks, had managed to reach the farther shore. Springing into the water, he rapidly neared the boat, shouting words of encouragement as he came. As quickly as possible he gained the boat, and in another moment had grasped the oars.

"The plug is out," he remarked, pointing to where the incoming water boiled up.

With the increased weight of Roland, the boat must soon have gone down had it not been for Annie's ready wit. Hurriedly taking off her large straw hat, and placing her foot over the hole in the bottom of the boat, soon by rapid bailing it was lightened so that Roland could make some progress away from the dangerous rapids.

In a few minutes they reached the friendly shore, where, by this time, quite a crowd had collected. Mrs. Kenilworth was almost hysterical.

"My child! where is she?" she cried.

"Here," answered Roland. "You must thank Miss Forrester for saving her life, Nellie."

As he spoke he turned to Annie, who stood near, looking very pretty, despite her wet dress, her golden hair hanging in tangled masses over her shoulders.

"God bless you for what you have done, Miss Forrester!" said Eleanor.

"Mind what ground you meet her on, Nellie. She may presume upon what you say," whispered Roland.

"Roland Martin, don't dare to remind me of my folly at such a time. Miss Forrester, I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. I am Mrs. Kenilworth, Roland's sister, and for the present, at least, you must be my guest."

"Indeed—" began Annie, hurriedly.

"For my sake please consent," whispered Roland, and the girl's objections never found further voice.

In Eleanor Kenilworth Annie found a true woman, despite the conventionalities of fashion and when, three months later, at the old farmhouse, George Matthews and Annie were discussing the trousseau, which Eleanor insisted upon presenting, Georgie remarked:

"Annie, I told you you were too pretty to go as a waitress."

"I am glad, for Roland's sake, if that is the case, Georgie; but it was all through my being only a waitress that I met him; and I can never regard that as a mistake which has brought me such happiness."

Love is Blind.

Jack—Tom, I want to confess to you that I am in love with your sister Minnie.

Tom—Whew! And I'm clean gone on your dear sister Alice.

Jack—What! You don't mean to say—ha, ha! What on earth can you see—

Tom—Come, old fellow, don't joke! You can't be in earnest about Minnie. What is there about her?—*Lawrence American.*

Very Strange.

Minister—You say several of your companions were fishing in your father's millpond last last Sunday? I am very much surprised.

Small Boy—So am I. There isn't a fish in it. —*Detroit Free Press.*

All the Same to Him.

One day, in the years gone by, when I was on the editorial staff of a struggling Denver daily, a man came tramping upstairs with a copy of our last issue in his hand and said:

"Gentlemen, I want to know who writ this piece about me."

It was an item copied from a San Francisco paper in regard to the hanging of a man named Tom Smith by a vigilance committee, and the editor looked over and replied:

"This wasn't writ about you. It is about a Tom Smith who was hanged in California."

"That's me. I'm Tom Smith."

"But you are not that Tom Smith. It tells here how he was cut down and buried."

"Makes no difference to me. I'm Tom Smith, and it is all a lie about my being hanged," growled the visitor.

"Can't there be any other Tom Smith besides you?" demanded the editor.

"Never heard of any. That was writ to slur me."

"You are mistaken, man. Can't you see that we copied it from a San Francisco paper."

"Well, that's all the same to me. The lie was to ruin my reputation in this town, and I've come up to lick both of you."

He was proceeding to do it when a lame compositor came in and shot him through the left leg, but even after that he chewed the old man's ear to a pulp and broke two of my fingers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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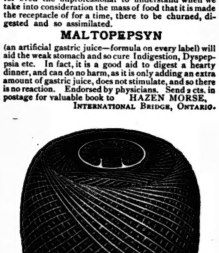

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and you will receive it by return post.

Women's Voices.

In ordinary conversation, natural philosophers tell us, a man's voice utters sounds, the vibrations of which vary from 90 to 140 per second, whereas the vibrations of a woman's voice range from 280 to 400. These vibrations may be traced on a piece of smoked glass by means of a metal point soldered to a tuning fork, or with the phonoloid phonautograph, or, better still, with the recording Siren invented by Cagniard de la Tour. Four hundred vibrations a second is the pitch of a nervous husband! And this is not all. A man's bass voice, when sounding Do on the lower octave, produces 64 vibrations per second, whilst a lady singing Mi in the high treble, produces as many as 1,305. So much for sounds that are pleasant to the ear; but when we come to consider the effect of shrill and squeaking voices, the matter becomes serious. Jean Paul, the great German satirist, attributed women's propensity to squabbling to purely physical causes. But a friend of ours who is a bit of a philosopher, professes to have discovered the laws of correlation between the moral and physical women's passionate vociferous and its "intensity." Armed with his apparatus, he rambled along the streets, the quays, the bridges, and the markets of Venice, and reports as follows: The voice of a washerwoman making a simple observation to her companion extends to 1,200 vibrations. The voice of the same washerwoman scolding her neighbor for striking her boy who has misbehaved himself produces 2,400. A woman on being taken to task by her husband screams at the rate of 1,800 vibrations; but if she has occasion to find fault with her husband she will shriek all day long and three parts of the night at the rate of 3,600 vibrations per second. But if both husband and wife are alike at fault the woman's shrieks reach a fabulous number of vibrations, ever so much in excess of the 36,000 which form the limit of acoustic perception. The women who scream the loudest are tall and bony, with large mouths and very aquiline noses. Beautiful women do not scream. The number of vibrations in a woman's screams are in inverse proportion to the determining cause. From all this he concludes: 1. A woman talks when she ought to hold her tongue. 2. A woman in the wrong shrieks twice as loud as when she is in the right.

The Victim of Circumstances.

"I would work, mum, only I met with a fatal disappointment in early life."

"Poor man, you don't look as if you'd got over it yet."

"I haven't, mum. I always felt I was cut out for something great. But as soon as I learned that Columbus had got ahead of me in discovering America I lost ambition and wept. After a while I found the same was true of Shakespeare in poetry and other men kept getting the Presidency. So it drove me to drink. But I'm on the lookout, mum, and my time will come yet."

The victim of crushed aspirations took the innocent old lady's donation and shortly afterward proved that the path of intoxication leads to fighting and the station house.—*Philadelphia Times.*

More Truth Than Poetry.

In Doberan one time Frederick Francis the First, first Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, lost all his cash at the gambling table and did not know what to do. On looking around his eye fell on a rich potter from Rostock. Without further trouble the duke asked the potter for an advance of money. The potter excused himself as not being able to serve the duke as he had lost all his money by gambling. "What shall we do now?" innocently asked the princely player. "That is very plain," just as innocently replied the potter; "I shall go back to Rostock and make new pots—and you will make new taxes."

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Something Dropped.

Mrs. Connoisseur—Did you show Mr. De Frett into the drawing-room

Mary Ann—Yis, Ma'am. I lift him lookin' at th' satsoomy vase. He said it were the finest he'd seen.—*Puck.*

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VOL. III] TORONTO, MAY 24, 1890. [No. 25

Music.

"The best amateur performance we ever had in Toronto" seemed to be the universal verdict at the Grand Opera House and on the street last week, when the Grenadiers were giving their entertainment. The chorus of praise was very unanimous, and deservedly so, for the dramatic side, that in which amateur performances are usually weak, was in this instance remarkably strong. In Turn Him Out, no one could have wished for a better exponent of the truculent toy-pedlar than was offered by Mr. Dunstan, and surely Mr. Cecil Gibson, as the too-much-ejected husband, looked the picture of woe and desolation. The other characters, too, were sustained in a manner far above the average of amateur functions. But it was in Trial by Jury that the great dramatic effect of the entertainment was reached. Mr. J. F. Thomson, who had charge of this department, scored a great success. The make-up of the jurymen was funny in the extreme, as was also the composition of the spectators. And what could have been more graceful and pretty than the array of bridesmaids. The points of the performance were well taken in every instance, and the fun of the opera was smooth and flowing in its current.

Musically considered, the performance was very good. There were some breaks at each performance, as is usual in amateur operas, but in the main the singing was excellent. Mrs. Gibson made the most of a light and pretty voice, and acted charmingly as the Plaintiff. Mr. J. A. Macdonald's Usher was a faithful counterpart of a well-known figure in the Adelaide street courthouse and he very well grasped the humor of calling for silence after everyone was quiet. Similarly striking in its likeness to a leading light of the bar was Mr. J. F. Thomson's Counsel. In both singing and acting Mr. Thomson was excellent. Mr. Alfred Cameron, as the Defendant, surprised everyone. His voice is very sweet and pleasant and his good singing won him an encore at the last performance. The Judge of Mr. Armour was startling in its make up, and the freakish disposition which it indicated was well borne out by both singing and acting. The choruses were rendered in a spirited manner. The orchestra of seventeen pieces was excellent, and played the accompaniments unobtrusively and correctly. The chief musical feature of the entertainment, however, was Mrs. Agnes Thomson's singing of the Linda aria which suited her admirably. Her voice has not suffered from her illness, and is as clear and sweet as ever, and she sang the aria with great grace and ease, singing several high C's without difficulty. As an encore she sang the Last Rose of Summer at each performance. Capt. Manley and Mr. Harris gave good accounts of themselves in the camp scene, which was hardly as martial an affair as had been expected. At the last performance additions were made in the banjo playing of Dr. Jebb—who gave an excellent performance—and in the playing of four pipers whose wild music filled the opera house with strains more or less sympathetic, according to the nationality of the auditors.

*

Thursday last was one of those evenings when the musical reporter would have had to disintegrate himself, so to speak, in order to personally superintend all the functions which took place. At the Metropolitan church young Kavanagh drew another crowded audience, a result that was repeated on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. The public interest in and admiration of his singing continued unabated. On the same evening Mr. Frederic Archer gave an organ recital at the Broadway Tabernacle before a very large audience who were delighted with his masterly manipulation of the instrument. Another large concourse was gathered at Association Hall where the Scottish Select Choir gave its concert. At this the chorus showed marked improvement in elegance of performance over its previous efforts and won much deserved applause. Mrs. Caldwell appeared at her best and has rarely given such delightful renderings of both the Scottish songs allotted to her and of the brilliant bravura songs in which she excels. Her performance is as fluent as ever, and she has of late added a depth of sympathy and feeling in her ballads which appeals irresistibly to her audience. Miss Jessie Alexander is best and most at home in her renditions of Scottish humor, and she won laurels from the applause which greeted her efforts on this occasion.

*

The long existing partnership between W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan has been rudely broken up with hard, hard words on the part of the poet, whose well-known acid disposition rebelled against some trifling items of outlay. The probable result will be collaboration between Gilbert and Cellier, and between Sullivan and Sims. This will certainly have the tendency to further individualize the work of each of those famous co-workers.

*

Next week will bring with it the Soiree Musicale of Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club on Wednesday evening at the Normal School by invitation only; the closing concert of the Torrington Orchestra at the Pavilion on Friday evening, at which the Rienzi overture and a new overture, Tiberius, by H. L. Clarke will be played; and on Friday and Saturday evenings Toronto Minstrel Club will hold forth at the Academy of Music with a complete force of some seventy performers. The week after will bring us the great Gilmore on June 4 and 5.

*

I have received a bouquet of waltzes published by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, containing two very fine ones by Godfrey, Scintilla and Gladys; the other, a pleasing drawing-room waltz, Looking Back, is by Mrs. F. A. Tovner, who is well known to all residents of Toronto.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The return of the Kendals to the Grand last week was marked by fully as much enthusiasm as greeted their initial appearance. The capacity of the house was tested at every performance by audiences representative of the intelligence, fashion and wealth of the city. The engagement opened with an adapted comedy entitled Impulse, which gave both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal an opportunity of appearing to the very best advantage. The part of Captain Crichton taken by Mr. Kendal suited him admirably. Captain Crichton, who is an officer of some regiment or other, very much resembles Captain Lacy in Booties' Baby. He has more heart than brains and yet more brains than he gets credit for. He has something of Miles Standish in his character, inasmuch as he is bolder on the field of danger than when called on to face the battery of a handsome woman's eyes. His attachment to Mrs. Beresford, a clever and bewitching widow, impersonated by Mrs. Kendal, and his attempts to inform her of the fact that he wishes her to be the custodian of his heart, give a scope for ample pleasantry that the Kendals know how to make use of. Although the Ironmaster appears to have been the preferred play of their *repertoire* here as well as in many of Uncle Sam's cities, it seems to me that these artists both show to better advantage in purely comedy work, such as the Scrap of Paper and Impulse. While all must admit the many excellencies of the Ironmaster as a play, and the strength and cleverness of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's acting in it, and while it may seem to many to be a play better suited to artists with the reputation of the Kendals, I think that both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal—and the latter particularly—display the perfection of their art in their lighter work. It is in scenes requiring artful womanly tactics and light womanly emotions, where a smile ends in a sob and a tear escapes through a laugh, that Mrs. Kendal shows her skill. In the subdued tones of the drawing-room drama she is perfectly at home and makes everyone who sees her feel likewise, but when she should rise to the sublimity of a soul tossed with passion and beset with temptation she does not rise. This is manifest in some degree in The Ironmaster and she does not play the part of the erring wife in Impulse. Mr. Kendal never shows to better advantage than when impersonating Captain Crichton. In this character he literally "lets himself out" and he lives it. Of the clever company surrounding the Kendals none give a more promising performance than Miss Violet Vanbrugh, whose representation of Mrs. Macdonald in Impulse was a remarkably forceful piece of emotional work.

Indications are not wanting that the theatrical season here is about over. The E. A. McDowell company opened at the Grand on Monday evening to a much smaller house than the merits of both play and company deserved. The bill was Rosedale, a play which is associated with the name of the late Lester Wallack. It has nothing strikingly novel in its composition or its plot. In fact, it lacks most of the ingenuity of construction and technique which we look for in modern plays. The plot is laid in England and hinges on the abduction of a child by gypsies and its subsequent restoration to its mother by Lieut. Eliot Grey, impersonated by Mr. McDowell himself. His acting in those portions of the character demanding comedy work is where Mr. McDowell shines. The bit of by-play between himself and Miss Reeves in the fourth act was one of the bright spots in the performance. In the melo-dramatic parts he scarcely rises to the heroic proportions necessary to carry it off well. Miss Reeve was bright and spirited in her work as usual. Miss Julia Arthur gave a clever performance, while Miss Bessie Hunter was capital as an imperious old housekeeper. Mr. Fred Hight and Mr. John H. Burney were excellent as Col. Cavendish May and Dunbury Cobb respectively. But credit must be given Mr. Edwin Dixon for making one of the hits of this performance as Miles McKenna the leader of the gypsy band. His make up and expression were excellent and his acting natural and carefully done. Mr. McDowell's company is much the same as when he appeared here a few months ago, and gives a performance which is well worth seeing.

At Jacobs and Sparrow's this week Kate Purssell in the Queen of the Plains has been the bill. Neither Miss Purssell nor her play are novelties here now nor have there been any signal changes either for the better or the worse made in the presentation of the piece since it was first made a hit at Portland, Ore. Freshness it has, it owes largely to Miss Purssell herself who is the center of the whole performance.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is said that Nat Goodwin's new play, The Nominee, lately made a hit at Portland, Ore.

Young and talented Annie O'Neil has been secured for Mrs. Armstrong in The Senator next season.

Robert Mantell has taken out papers and will become an American citizen. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland.

The latest thing in comic opera in New York is entitled Castles in the Air. De Wolf Hopper and Marion Manola are its chief support.

William Haworth is said to be writing two more war plays. Paul Kauvar, recently brought out in London, is reported to be a success.

It is rumored that Isabelle Urquhart, who will be remembered as singing here last season with the Casino company in Erminie, intends to join a dramatic company next season.

George Grossmith has renounced his intention of visiting America. He says he doesn't think the "Yankees" would appreciate his British humor, which is more than probable.

A new play from the pen of A. W. Pinero is counted as an event of the London theatrical season. According to all accounts, however, his new comedy, The Cabinet Minister, produced at the Court Theater on April 22, was a failure.

The Boston Ideals, after a troublous season and performances to which Miss L'Allemand is said to have contributed almost their only merit, went to pieces at Albany early last week, and the members set out for New York with salaries in arrears.

A New York reporter rode one of the elephants in Barnum's parade the other night, and was overtaken by a rival contemporary upon a camel, but they refused to recognize each other. The dignity of modern journalism must be maintained at any cost.

The *Mirror* tells of a unique tribute to a prima donna. It says: "On last Saturday evening, a little gilded basket was passed over the Casino footlights to Lillian Russell and found to contain a tiny black and tan dog, two or three weeks old, with a bunch of violets attached to its neck."

When Herman Merivale's latest play, Master of Ravenswood, is produced by Henry Irving at the London Lyceum next season, exactly a quarter of a century will have passed since at the same theater, a drama founded upon the same story, and bearing the same title, was introduced to London playgoers. The version in question was by Palgrave Simpson, but even as an adaptation it could not lay much claim to originality, as Simpson openly avowed his indebtedness to La Fiancee de Lammermoor, which was written in 1828 by Victor Ducange for Frederic Lemaitre. The French playwright by no means adhered closely to the lines of Scott's novel, but it is said that Merivale, on the other hand, has followed the main story of the book with much exactitude, especially as regards the final and tragic denouement. Simpson's play, by the way, was produced by Fechter—it was in 1865—and scored a fair amount of success. Irving's presentation is already exciting much interest and considerable discussion as to his own adaptability for the part of Edgar of Ravenswood. Ellen Terry will of course be the Lady Ashton, and William Terriss, the Buckiaw.

Some of those magnificent-looking actresses who charitably devote their valuable services to selling flowers at theatrical benefits are very shrewd. One of the prettiest that ever tied ten cents' worth of violets into a five-dollar boutonniere was disposing of her wares with splendid success, when it was observed by a few of the more watchful lounges that she was a party in an ingenious little trick that successfully pulled the wool over the eyes of the good-natured public. By the side of her table stood a young man who has a mental acquaintance with a wonderfully large number of men about town. As a gentleman would stroll near to this young man he would speak out of the corner of his mouth to the pretty actress behind the flower table, and she would then call out:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, can't I sell you a boutonniere?"

The passer-by, on hearing himself called by name, would stop short, and looking at the radiant face of the actress, would approach her and enter into a delightful conversation over the beauty and fragrance of flowers in general, and of the cluster on her breast in particular. Very often the precious cluster would be detached and sold at a double price. As the purchaser went away he wondered how that stunning woman ever learned his name. He did not imagine for a moment that the young man at her side had imparted it to her.

One incident will show how charmingly presumptuous these fair flower actresses can sometimes be. A young fellow had bought a bunch of roses from a girl whose blonde loveliness can be found reflected in many hundred cigarette packages, and had gone away leaving his umbrella leaning against the pretty one's table. A full hour passed before he remembered his loss. Then he strolled over to where she still beamed upon her patrons and asked her if she had seen his umbrella.

"Why, was that lovely umbrella yours?" asked she, contributing one of her irresistible smiles.

She was informed that it was, and, if she had it, it would be acceptable to its owner.

"Oh, is not that funny," laughed the actress. "I found that umbrella, and thought it would be a lovely idea to raffle it. I put it up and it brought $17."

The young man was naturally much chagrined, but he pocketed his wrath when, to appease him, the fascinating little robber pinned a bunch of pansies in his coat with her own fair fingers.

Mr. Smiley's Explanation.

Mr. Smiley is a jewelry traveler, he had sold Mr. Jacob Rosenbloom a certain line of watches for a length of time at $7.50 each. Mr. Rosenbloom marked all his goods on a "one per cent." profit, consequently the price he got for Smiley's watches was $15.00 each.

One day Mr. Jones, a traveler for another house, called on Rosenbloom and offered the same goods at $6.00 each.

Next trip when Smiley called Mr. Rosenbloom was "loaded for bear."

"Mr. Shones was here since you was gone and offert to sell dose goods at six tollars. I am goin' to trade wid Mr. Shones right away. You need not call dis way any more. Goot day, mine frent, I'm mad as der teil about it!"

"Well," said Smiley, "they are not the same goods in the first place, besides you mark all your goods double, don't you? Well, don't you see what a mistake you are making. You buy from Jones at $6 00, mark them $12.00, all you make is $6.00, you buy our goods at $7.50 mark them $15.01, you make $7 50 each, or $1.50 more than you make on Jones' goods. Don't you see the point?"

Mr. Rosenbloom's eyes were opened, "Dat is so, mine gracious, it is vell you called and explained it so nice and clear. Next time Shones come along dis way, I'll fire him out of der shtore, dat's so, ain't it?" He still deals with Smiley.

TOM SWALWELL.

Trinity Talk.

Lectures end on Friday next, leaving ten free days before the beginning of the midsummer exams.

*

The series of ambulance lectures ended on Thursday last, Miss Snively delivering the last of the series on The Sick Room. The chief points touched on were the ventilation, arrangements and the exhibition of various appliances for simplyfying the work of caring for the sick. The lectures have been even better attended than last year, and have been of a most interesting character. The subjects treated of were well chosen, and the benefits derived from them might prove most useful in an emergency. Among the most regular attendants at the lectures I have noticed Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. and the Misses Boulton, Miss Hagarty, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Mrs. Grasett, the Misses Morson, the Misses Strachan, Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, Mr. J. Graham Abbott, Mrs. Body, Mrs. Symonds, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. and Miss Kingston, Mrs. Philip Todd, Mrs. Charles Grasett, Mrs. and the Misses Langtry, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Molson Spragge, Mrs. Riordan, the Misses Cayley.

*

Baseball is having quite a boom at Trinity at present. An inter-class league has been formed, the first year, second year, third year and resident grads forming the contesting clubs, and much amusement is derived from the weekly games which abound in errors and excitement. Two games have been played so far, the first game being between the first and second years. The former won by so large a score that to mention it might almost make one think I had meant a cricket not a baseball league.

*

The second game of the series was, however, much superior in every way, the third year and grads proving too much for the formerly victorious freshmen, who quite expected another walkover, but were defeated by the quite respectable score of fourteen to one. The second year will play the winners during the early part of next week, when a most exciting match may be looked for.

*

The much-talked-of tennis tournament appears at last to be taking some definite shape. The chief difficulty will be with the committee, whose duty it will be to arrange the handicaps—by no means an easy undertaking, and withal a thankless one—few ever being satisfied with the position allotted them. One of Wright & Ditson's best racquets is the prize to be given to the fortunate winner.

*

At a college meeting held on Monday last it was decided to give the At Home as usual on May 24, the day on which the annual cricket match between Trinity and Toronto is played on the home club grounds.

CÆCUS.

'Varsity Chat.

It is with much pleasure that the friends of Mr. A. T. DeLury, '90, have learned of his appointment to a Fellowship in Worcester University, Massachusetts. Mr. DeLury was, I understand, the successful one of many applicants. We are entirely satisfied that his ability and attainments will but serve to increase the reputation of his *alma mater*.

*

'Varsity ball men now wear the proud title of amateur champions of the city. Last Saturday's game put them at the top of the ladder.

*

The political science men of the fourth year have had what is commonly known as a snap these exams. They got away last Monday morning after writing on six papers for which they receive a degree and a half. Other poor wretches have anywhere from twenty to fifty papers and must plod away till the afternoon of Saturday, May 31.

*

Mr. J. A. Duff, B. A., '87, who since graduation has taken a course in the School of Practical Science, has gone to Princeton, New Jersey, to visit a gentleman there. It need not surprise Mr. Duff's many friends if they should hear that he has accepted a lucrative position as mechanical engineer in a large manufacturing establishment in Princeton. The Alien Labor Act prevents U. S. foreign mails from being used as a means of contract making. 'Tis a free and noble democracy over there. NEMO.

The Pretty Girls of Ireland.

The Irish ladies are perhaps the prettiest in the wide world. Their features, it is true, are less regular than those of English women, but they triumph over them with their soft, creamy complexions, their large, appealing, grey-blue eyes and long lashes, and a sort of indefinable charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners.

"Every third Irishwoman," wrote the Queen in her diary, when last visiting the country, "is beautiful, and some of them wonderfully so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely."

Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the Emerald Isle.

Go where you will, you will not find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished.

The list of beauties is a long one, and looking back we can recall histories of the extraordinary loveliness of the three Miss Guinness, who, when they came up to London, had actually to be escorted in Hyde Park by a guard of soldiers, sent by the order of the Secretary of State, so overwhelming was the crowd pressing upon them.

Then there was Lady Denny, Lady Cahir, Lady Clare, and many others, to say nothing of the present young Duchess of Leinster, one of the most attractive women of this or any other day.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Johnny's Magnetism.

"Johnny is very popular with his teachers."

"That must be gratifying."

"Yes, indeed. They never let him leave them until five o'clock."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Matter of Form.

Passenger (at the station)—Pat, why do you keep on hitting those car wheels with your hammer?

Pat—Faix, Oi don't know pwhy, only that it is the orthers.

Three Days out from Sandy Hook.

Captain of the Nausea—And now, madam, we are only four miles from land.

Lady (anxious to get ashore)—Where? where?

Captain of the Nausea (pointing downward)—There!—*Life.*

For Queen and Country.

MAY 24TH.

For Saturday Night.

From east to west the Union Jack has been
Awave all day for country and for Queen.

In aureole of honor stands she high
Upon the pinnacle of history.
No brow that wore the jewel and the gem
In Britain's crown has born that diadem
With such white purity of life and mien
As hers.

To-day her reign seems to have been
A benediction of vast liberties,
That now like many brilliant stars arise
In unity of strength, and with the years
That rolled them over undiscovered spheres—
Have well been forged within a daily flame,
And form a halo round her royal name,
And every shaft in that reflection owes
Its birth to Honor, and with Honor grows,
Until the offspring with the parent stands
Triumphantly within Victoria's hands.

Sweet English mother on old England's throne!
What nobler kingdom can a woman own
Than empires in the heart—and foremost there
Environed by a million tongues of prayer?
How loyalty leaps up in every soul
That calls her Queen—we glory in control
So unabused to serve her subjects best,
That in her blessing she herself is blest.
O! Sorrow, with thy black and sombre wing—
Could we have checked thy mournful whispering—
Could we have chained thy presence and thy voice
Outside her palace walls, had we the choice,
God knows how gladly many of us would
Have died to save our Queen her widowhood.

Thro' dark, uncertain futures England's shore
May washed with tempests be, yet evermore
Throughout the ages nations will maintain
Her zenith was in good Victoria's reign.
Perchance a thousand years will sweep away
The barriers of time, when some shall say:
"Would we had lived within the age and lands
When sceptres drew their soul from woman's hands."
O! queenly hands so gentle in your sway,
All Canada cheers on your natal day,
From east to west wave scarlet, white and blue,
In honor of our country and of you.

Time sculptures for us all,
Nor dwells he in king's palaces alone,
But chisels every life into a form
In marbles, streaked or pure—perchance the stone
Is our own making, who can tell, when torn
From Nature's quarries in our early days,
If fate or circumstance our pathway lays?
Or is the power our own to rise or fall?
To-day we mark a statue that has grown
With time's light touch, where nations turn their eyes
To thrones where many royal feet have stood,
And see beneath the arch of English skies
A monument of perfect womanhood.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Ghosts.

For Saturday Night.

As I sit here half-dreaming while softly she is playing,
And watch the blue smoke as it curls here in the sky,
Old scenes and old voices come back in a torrent;
The past is the present—when lo! as I stare
These spectres all vanish.

And naught's left to mark all these ghosts of my memory,
As silently gliding they've passed in succession,
Save one smoking stub and a little more ash.
Yet my wife, as she plays, unmasks the expression
That's come o'er my face.

And all of those shadows and mists that are crying
From the past, then give way to a pair of soft eyes.
A head with its coils of black hair nestles closely.
The world has got fairer, and brighter the skies,
As I look at my wife.

H. SILENS.

Baby's Got a Beau

She ain't nuthin' but a baby!
'Twaun't but yistiday—I swow
It don't seem so—since them blue eyes,
Jes' as blue as they be now,
Fust looked up in her old dad's here,
From her mother's bosom! No!
'Tim't trew, now—'tain't in natur'—
That our baby's got a beau!

Why, we've alius called her "Baby,"
Me and mother. Twenty tot,
Land alive! She is the baby
Uv the big an' bloomin' lot!
T'others they'd growed up an' mostly
Lighted out, when one day, lo!
Thar she was in their old cradle—
An' now Baby's got a beau!

Why, 'tain't no time since I see her
Lay a-playin' with her toes.
Gals will grow up inter wimmen—
Mine's like all the rest, I 'spose;
Mighty queer, tho', when I hear her—
Or still think I hear her—crow
From her cradle at my comin',
To think that Baby's got a beau!

I kin see her gettin' bigger,
See her toddlin' at my side,
Jes' the cutest little critter,
Tessin' "papa" for a "ride;"
I kin see her gittin' bigger—
Can't help seein' Baby grow—
But I can't see how it's come ter
This—that Baby's got a beau!

Course I wouldn't keep her single
When she really is growed up;
Mother'n me hev been too happy
Not to want the same sweet cup
Uv good married love to sweeten
Her life, too—but it's a blow—
An' thar ain't no gittin' round it—
To think Baby's got a beau!

New York Mercury.

Dawn and Dusk.

Apollo's shafts of radiant flame,
Shattered against the sun-blue shield,
On myriad ripples dance and gleam,
Gold stars strewn o'er an azure field.
Upon the shining sands they stand,
In morn of day, and morn of life,
Together stand, hand clasped in hand,
A bridegroom fond, a happy wife.

The moon, a silver scimitar,
Severs the drifting rack of cloud.
Far, far beyond the harbor bar
The surges moan, now low, now loud.
Along upon the darksome strand—
The black waves lapping at her feet—
A widow stands; vanished the hand,
Silent the voice that made life sweet.

MARY J. SAFFORD, *in Belford's Magazine.*

Noted People.

The young Duc d' Orleans has hit upon the highly original idea of being married in prison.

Kate Pier and Kate H. Pier, mother and daughter, are attorneys-at-law in Milwaukee.

Princess Christian is better, but still far from well, and has to wear a thick veil and to exercise the greatest care.

Mme. Charles Bigot, daughter of the American portrait painter Healey, is an interesting and agreeable French-American.

General Sherman is an inveterate theater-goer. If he likes a play, he enjoys seeing it a dozen times over, and no first night is complete without him. In evening dress, with his aquiline face and close-cropped, snow-white beard, he is a very noticeable figure.

Mr. Gladstone is the largest book-buyer in London. As he desires to see every new publication of consequence on every subject, and wishes to read his own copy only, his enormous library has become a monumental collection of what Mr. Venus would describe as "the human warious."

Miss Mary A. Green, an able young lawyer of Boston, has been delivering a course of lectures upon Law, with special reference to the place and duties of women under the law, to the senior pupils of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. These fortunate girls include also scientific cooking, millinery, dressmaking, home sanitation, swimming, bowling, and military drill in their curriculum.

The Duke of Westminster has the finest collection of plate in England, his silver plates for venison being particularly beautiful. His Grace's household is conducted on the same principle as Her Majesty's; the supervisor of it has a salary of something like £800 a year, and a number of servants are specially told off whose duty it is to look after the plate. The silver belonging to the Mess of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich probably comes second. Their mess room is fitted up like an immense jeweler's show room, and is guarded day and night.

A private letter, received on this side of the water recently, shows how high is the rank accorded to Walt Whitman in England. It gives an account of a conversation that took place between a friend of the writer and the poet Tennyson, in the course of which the poet-laureate of England remarked that Whitman was certainly one of the greatest, and probably the greatest, of living poets. The gentleman who wrote the letter, it should be explained, is not a disciple or even an admirer of the "good, grey poet," and his testimony as to the esteem in which Whitman is held abroad is, of course, the more valuable for that reason.

Mr. Pinero, the most successful and popular dramatist of the present day, is yet a young man. He lives in St. John's Wood Road, and his study is a long narrow chamber, decorated with numerous old prints, dealing with theatrical subjects. Strangely enough, his study is the last place in which he can work properly. Public places, such as the coffee-room of a hotel, or the green-room of a theater, are the spots in which his best lines are written. He is athletic, and plays a good game of tennis. He holds some pleasant receptions at St. John's Wood, where numbers of well-known people invade his sanctum and discuss his productions.

King Mandara, an East African monarch, is an eccentric individual, according to Mr. Fitch, a missionary. Whenever anything occurs to annoy him, he issues notice of a boycott against Mr. Fitch; and once, owing to the failure of the crops and the consequent scarcity of distilled *pombe*, of which he was very fond, Mandara prevented Mr. Fitch from getting food or labor in the district for nearly twelve months. Another eccentricity related of him is that, finding the leopards troublesome, he tied up one of his subjects for a bait, and posted another in hiding to shoot the leopard. The plan succeeded up to a certain point—that is, the leopard got the bait.

Cavour, the statesman to whom is due the realization of the dream of united Italy, had a love affair when he was twenty which cast a shadow over the rest of his life. He and the young lady seemed made for each other, but they were separated by an insurmountable obstacle; the lady's hand had already been disposed of by her father after the manner of Italian marriages of that day. After a separation of years, during which they carried on a correspondence marked by the most passionate and touching language, the young lady died, literally of a broken heart. Cavour tells the story of his unhappy love in his diary, and curses himself for being the cause of so much misery to this "heavenly woman."

Arabi Pasha has recently been unwell, and he complains that his health suffers from the hot and humid climate of Ceylon, after the dry atmosphere of Egypt. It was just the hot season, and the climate of Ceylon is trying. "Ridiculous accounts of visits to Arabi Pasha," writes the *Daily News* correspondent at Colombo, "often appear in the English papers from passengers passing through. As a matter of fact, Arabi, whom I often see, has aged considerably. A few years ago he was a handsome black-haired man, in the prime of life, with a fine military bearing; now he is quite grey, and has the look of an old man. So far as exile can be pleasant, however, he and his brother exiles have nothing to complain of, for they have large and well-furnished bungalows to live in, horses, carriages and everything they want, with liberty to go up country and almost anywhere they choose, provided they do not leave the island. They are invited to, and are present at, a great many social and public gatherings. Several of the Pashas have their families with them, their sons and daughters marry and are given in marriage; and all but the exiles themselves are allowed to come and go to and from Egypt as they like. The Pashas naturally have a great desire to return to their homes, and if they are ever permitted to do so, I think, if the word of the Egyptians is to be trusted, that the British Government may rest assured of their causing no further trouble. The attention and soldierly courtesy bestowed on Arabi and his brother exiles by the Duke of Connaught when here was one of the most touching incidents of the recent royal visit."

Art and Artists.

The exhibition of the season's work of the Toronto Art Students' League held last Friday and Saturday was successful in every respect. A large number of visitors inspected the work and found an abundance of interest in the studies unframed and in all stages of completion, as well as in the more ambitious and finished efforts. This exhibition impressed me as being more of what the exhibition purports to be—a showing of students' work—than any the league has yet held. A greater number of the studies drawn from their own models was hung and the average quality of these was higher than it had formerly been. The work on the walls spoke of honest endeavor and ambitious effort to climb higher and the league is certainly to be congratulated on its success as a self-sustaining body. A very creditable display both in chalk and water-color was made by the lady members, who were this season for the first time admitted to the league. The studies were mainly done in chalk or charcoal, though other mediums, colors, etc., were not wanting. A great many original pen and ink drawings, suitable for book or journal illustrations, were shown, some of which have been kindly loaned to me for reproduction this week. Some still-life studies in oils and some excellent specimens of wood engraving were much admired.

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Among the gentlemen who take an active interest in the growth and development of art among us is Mr. Bernard McEvoy of the editorial staff of the *Mail*. On Friday evening of last week he delivered an instructive address before the students of Moulton Ladies' College, taking as his subject The Methods of Art Critics. The lecture, of which I have not space to give an epitome, was filled with points calculated to interest and benefit students of art.

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Mr. J. Enoch Thompson secured several good pictures during his visit to the Academy's exhibition in Montreal.

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Mr. C. M. Manley, A.R.C.A., left on Monday for England, where he will spend some time studying and working. VAN.

Magazines.

Lippincott's Magazine for June is an eminently readable number. The complete novel is entitled Circumstantial Evidence, by Mary E. Stickney. Robert Kennaway Douglas writes on The Origin of Chinese Culture and Civilization. Among other interesting prose articles is the first instalment of a series entitled Round Robin Talks, which introduce the conversation, anecdotes, etc., of a collection of bright lights, such as Max O'Rell, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, etc.

Belford's Magazine for June has an excellent article on The Race Problem by Judge Fenner, an article on The Extirpation of the Crime Breeders of the Day a Public Necessity by Anthony Comstock, and many other excellent contributions in prose and verse by clever writers. The complete story is The Woman's Version by Jenny Watkins.

He Who Enjoys Not The Circus.

The man who finds no pleasure in the circus, and says that Senor Morenza does not turn three times in his final somersault, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. The man who has no peanut for the elephant, nor candy for the Shetland pony nor cough drop for the monkey, is not a man to trust. The man who says that the zebra's stripes and the bloom on the cheek of the dons alfalfa are due to the same cause, namely, paint; that the cannon balls tossed by the strong man are not solid; and that the juggler's knives are not edged like razors; that the chariot races are not genuine, and that the wild man from Borneo is a Connecticut Yankee—shun that man; he is a pessimist and a skeptic; he is a fault-finder and a doubter. He objects because the whale is dead, and does not believe that the ringmaster really hits the clown with the whip. When the band plays its loudest and the elephants come in with stately tread, led by turbaned keepers, when come knights and ladies more gorgeously and surprisingly ornate than was ever knight or lady before; when the camels from the sandy desert with swinging step and dejected air march past; when come more long lines of princes and princesses, cavaliers and courtly dames, wild beasts and strange peoples, while milk-white horses prance everywhere with their gay trappings, cloth of gold and royal purple, and the steam calliope breaks out and the lion roars till it seems as if his back teeth must be loosened—then, with all the splendor of this world spread out at his feet the man who does not renew his youth and become a boy again is no man at all. He would object to a pension. He would send back a complimentary Patti ticket.—*F. H. C.* in the *Theater Magazine*.

A Hairbreadth Escape.

Flott, the volunteer, left the barracks without permission. As the young man is a general favorite, his corporal determined, if possible, to shield him from punishment. Accordingly, he wrapped a sweeping brush in a blanket and laid it in the volunteer's bed. The officer on duty, who is rather short-sighted, soon after went the round of the beds until he came to Flott's. "Who lies here," he asked the corporal.

"Volunteer Flott," was the reply.

"Flott, eh! The disorderly fellow is so intent on pleasure that he totally neglects himself. (The corporal trembles in the belief that the fraud is discovered.) You may tell volunteer Flott to-morrow to get his hair cut. Good night!"

A Burst of Speed.

Street Car Conductor (to driver)—I wonder what that man is running so hard for!

Driver (looking back)—Mebby the fool wants ter git on. G'lang!

Did She Take Him for a Dude?

Lady (to cullud gemman, digging post holes)—Do you ever perspire, Sam?

Sam—No, mum; I jess sweats.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Little Willie (who has been repulsed)—Where can I find sincerity?

Miss Bored—Why, in the dictionary, of course!—*Texas Siftings*.

No Coffee There.

"I see that coffee has gone up," remarked the boarding-house keeper.

The star boarder sniffed at his cup suspiciously. "That won't make any difference to you," he remarked, with a grim smile.

Patterson—When I was in London a friend of mine, Charley Ferguson—

Barrow—Charley Ferguson! Why, I know him!

Patterson—Well, he's a good fellow all the same.

Original Sketches from the Exhibition of the Art Students' League.

A LEAGUE MODEL—BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

A STUDY—BY C. W. JEFFERYS.

A LEAGUE MODEL—BY C. M. MANLEY.

A GRENADIER DRUMMER—BY W. THOMSON.

HAPPY HOURS—BY J. D. KELL.

IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX—BY S. F. LANGFORD.

A JAPANESE STUDY—BY W. BENGOUGH.

AN INTERESTING NEGATIVE—BY R. HOLMES.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONFESSION AND ITS REPLY.

Wallace, in his lonely home, was of course very sad and almost stunned by the blow that had fallen upon him so suddenly.

For many years his mother had been the one object upon which he had lavished the deep, strong affection of his manly nature. He had lost his father when he was a youth, but Mrs. Richardson had struggled bravely to keep him at school and give him as good an education as possible, for he was a lad possessing more than ordinary capabilities and attainments. By the time, however, that he graduated from the high school in the city of Boston, Mass., where they were living at that time, their slender means gave out, and Wallace found that he must relinquish, at least for the present, his aspiration to perfect himself as an architect, and do something for his own and his mother's support.

He was but seventeen years of age at this time, but he was a strong, manly fellow, and he resolved to take up the carpenter's trade, much about which he already knew quite well, his vacations he had often worked from choice, under the direction of his father.

As he had told Violet, he felt that a practical and thorough knowledge of the construction of buildings would be of inestimable benefit in the future, for he had not by any means given up his intention of ultimately becoming an architect.

He applied to the builder and contractor who had grown up under and succeeded to the business of his father, and the man readily agreed to engage him, provided he would be willing to go to Cincinnati, where he had managed to obtain a very large contract, and, for a lad of Wallace's age, he offered him unusual inducements.

At first Wallace demurred, for he could not bear the thought of leaving his mother, and at that time they could not both afford to make the change.

But he finally concluded to make the trial, and at the end of six months he had made himself so valuable to his employer that the man has increased his wages, and promised him still further promotion if he continued to progress as he had done.

This change in his circumstances enabled Wallace to send for his mother and to provide a comfortable little home for her.

He was very ambitious; every spare moment was spent in study, while he also attended an evening school for drawing, where he could receive instruction in his beloved architecture.

Thus, step by step, he went steadily on, perfecting himself in both his trade and his profession until, at the opening of our story, six years after leaving his native city, Boston, we find him and his mother still residents of Cincinnati, and the young man in a fair way to realize the one grand object of his life.

Already he had executed a number of plans for buildings, which had been approved, accepted and fairly well paid for, while he had applied for, and hoped to obtain the lucrative position in the office of an eminent architect, at the beginning of the new year.

His accident had interrupted his business for several weeks, but he knew that he should lose nothing pecuniarily, for the company that controlled the incline-plane railway had agreed to meet the expense of his injuries and pay him a goodly sum besides; so his enforced idleness had not tried his patience as severely as it would have otherwise done.

Indeed he had not been idle, for he had devoted a good deal of time, after he was able to be about, to the study of his profession. On the right hand, being only slightly injured, he executed several designs which he was sure would be useful to him in the future.

His mother's sudden death, however, was a blow which almost crushed him. He had never thought that she could die, at least for long years, for she had apparently been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

They were sitting together one evening, and had been unusually cheerful and merry, when Mrs. Richardson suddenly broke of in the middle of a sentence, leaned back in her chair as if faint, and before Wallace could reach her side her spirit was gone.

Wallace would not believe that she was dead until the hastily summoned physician declared that life was entirely extinct, and then the heavily afflicted son felt as if his burden were greater than he could bear.

He did not look upon that loved face again until the hour of the funeral, when he went alone into their pretty parlor to take his last farewell, and found Violet there before him.

Her presence there had been "inexpressibly comforting" to him, as he had said, and in the sudden reaction and surprise of the moment he had betrayed the secret of his love for her.

He was shocked and filled with dismay when, after his return from the grave of his mother, he had an opportunity to quietly think over what he had done.

He felt that he had been very unwise—that he had no right to aspire to the hand of this beautiful heiress, for he could offer her nothing but his true heart, and this, he well knew, would be scorned by Violet's aristocratic relatives.

Yet, in spite of his remorse, his heart leaped with exultation over the knowledge that the lovely girl returned his affection. She had not spoken her love, but he had seen it in her shy, sweet glance of surprise and joy at his confession; he had felt it in the clinging clasp of her trembling fingers, that would not let him release her hand; he had heard it in every tone of her dear voice when she had told him, simply but heartily, that she "was glad."

Was she glad to know that she was his "darling," or only glad because her presence was a comfort to him in his hour of grief?

Both, he felt very sure, and he kept repeating those three words over and over until they became sweetest music in his soul.

But he told himself that he must not accept the priceless gift of her love.

"What shall I do?" he cried, in deep distress. "I have compromised myself; I have gone too far to retract, and she would deem me unmanly if I should keep silent and let the matter drop here."

He sat for hours trying to decide what course to pursue, and finally he exclaimed, with an air of resolution:

"There is no other way but to make a frank explanation—confess my sorrow for my presumption and ask her forgiveness; then I must take up the burden of my lonely life and bear it as well as I can."

The next morning, after he had partaken of his solitary breakfast, which a kind and sympathizing neighbor sent in to him, he sat down to his task of writing his confession to Violet.

That evening the fair young girl received the following epistle:

"MY DEAR MISS HUNTINGTON,—I am filled with conflicting emotions, which it would be vain for me to try to explain, in addressing you thus; but my mother taught me this motto in my youth—and I have endeavored to make it the rule of my life—'Confess if you do wrong confess it and make what reparation you can.' I realize that I was guilty of great presumption and wrong in addressing you so unguardedly as I did yesterday, when we stood alone by my mother's casket. Pray forgive me, for, while I am bound to confess that the words were forced from me by a true, strong love which will always live in my heart—a love such as a man experiences but once in his life for a woman whom he would wish for his wife, if he could do so honorably—I know that, situated as I am, with a life of labor before me and only my own efforts to help me build up a possible fortune, I should not have betrayed myself as I did. I was unnerved by my great sorrow, and your gentle sympathy coming as it did like balm to my wounded heart, unsealed my lips before I was aware of it. Again I beg your forgiveness, and with it forgetfulness of what, if aught that could serve to lower me in your esteem.

"Sincerely yours,

"WALLACE RICHARDSON."

Violet was greatly excited by the contents of this letter, and burst into a flood of tears the moment she had perused it.

She understood just how matters stood.

She comprehended how Wallace had grown to love her, even as she had, though at the time unconsciously, learned to love him while she was an invalid in his house; how with his proud, manly sense of honor, he determined never to reveal his secret, from a fear that he would be regarded as a fortune-hunter, and that her aristocratic relatives would scorn an alliance with him on account of his poverty.

But Violet felt that he was her peer, if not her superior, in every respect save that of wealth; that a grand future lay before him—grand because he would climb to the topmost round in the ladder of his profession, if energy, perseverance, and unswerving rectitude could attain it.

He might be poor in purse now, but what of that? Money was of little value compared with a nature so rich and noble as his; and, more than that,—she loved him!

"Yes, I do!" she exclaimed, as she pressed to her lips the precious letter that told of his love for her. "I am not ashamed of it either, and—I am going to tell him so!"

A crimson flush mounted to her brow as she gave expression to this resolution, and, for a moment, a sense of maidenly reserve and timidity oppressed her. The next, she tossed back her pretty head with a resolute air.

"Why should I not tell him?" she said. "Why should I conceal the fact when the knowledge will make two true, loving hearts happy? I have money enough for us both, for the present, and by and by I know there will be an abundance. I suppose Belle and Wilhelm will object and scold, but I don't care; it is the right thing to do, and I am going to do it," and she proceeded to put her resolution at once into action.

She drew her writing tablet before her, and, with the tears still glittering on her lashes and a crimson flush on her cheek, she penned the following reply to her lover's letter:

"DEAR WALLACE:—Your letter has just come to me. I have nothing to 'forgive'—I do not wish to 'forget.' Perhaps I am guilty of what the world would call an unmaidenly act in writing thus when your communication does not really call for a reply, but I know my happiness, and, I believe, yours also, depends upon perfect trust and confidence. Your unguarded words by your mother's casket told me that you love me; your letter to-day reaffirms it, and my own heart responds from its happy response to all that you have told me.

"You have made use of the expression 'presumption and wrong.' Pardon me if I claim that you would have been guilty of a wrong by keeping silent. Heaven has ordained that somewhere on this earth each heart has its mate, and there would be much less of sorrow, much less of domestic misery, if people would be honest with each other and true to themselves. How many lives are ruined by the worship of mammon—by the bondage of position! Perhaps I might be accused of 'presumption'—of rending asunder all laws of so-called etiquette, in making this open confession. However it may seem, I am going to be true to myself and my convictions of what is right, and so I have opened my heart to you. Still, if in writing thus, I have done aught that can lower me in your esteem. I pray you to forgive and forget. "VIOLET HUNTINGTON."

Violet would not allow herself to read over what she had written.

She had penned the note out of the honesty and fulness of her fond little heart; and, though she stood for a moment or two irresolute, debating whether to tear it into pieces and thus cast her happiness forever from her with the fragments, or to send it and trust to Wallace's good sense to interpret it aright, her good angel touched the balance in her favor, and she resolutely sealed and addressed the missive.

Then she stole softly downstairs and out to the street corner, where she posted it with her own hands, after which she sped back to her chamber and relieved her sensitive heart in another burst of tears.

She would not have been human if she had not regretted her act, now that it was past recall. She grew nervous and self-accusing, declared that she had been unmaidenly, and made herself as wretched as possible.

She feared not that what would be the result of her letter. Would Wallace despise her for unseaving herself and almost proposing to him? Would he, with his exaggerated ideas of honor, still claim that it would be unmanly to accept the love which she had so freely offered him?

Questions such as these occupied her waking hours up to the following afternoon, when she expected a letter from Wallace, and was deeply disappointed when none came.

Mr. and Mrs. Mencke had gone out to make some social calls, and Violet was striving to divert her mind from the all-important theme by going over her music lesson for to-morrow. It was useless, however; there was no music in her—everything was out of harmony, and her fingers refused to do their work.

She then tried to read, but her mind was in such a chaotic state that words had no meaning for her, and she finally grew so nervous that she could do nothing but pace up and down the room.

The hours slowly dragged on, evening came, and she was upon the point of going up stairs to bed, when a sudden ring at the door bell made her start with a feeling of mingled shame and joy.

She listened breathlessly, while a servant went to answer the summons, and then heard her usher some one into the drawing-room.

A moment later the girl appeared in the library doorway, bearing a card on a silver salver.

"A caller for you, Miss Violet," she said, as she passed her the bit of pasteboard.

Violet grew dizzy; then the rich color surged over cheek and brow as she read the name of Wallace Richardson, written upon the spotless surface in a beautiful, flowing hand.

CHAPTER VII.

"HE IS MY AFFIANCED HUSBAND."

Violet stood as if dazed for a moment, after reading her lover's name, and realized that he had come in response to her letter, her cheeks fairly blazing with mingled joy and agitation, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird in its cage.

Then she grew pale with sudden fear and dread.

What would be the outcome of this interview?

Would it bring her happiness or sorrow?

With trembling limbs, and a face that was as white as the delicate lace about her throat, she went slowly toward the drawing-room to learn her fate.

Wallace, no less nervous and perturbed than herself, was pacing the elegant apartment, but stopped and turned eagerly toward Violet as she entered, his face luminous in spite of the stern self-control which he had resolved to ex-rcise.

All the light died out of it however, as he saw how pale she was.

"Violet!—Miss Huntington! are you ill?" he cried, regarding her anxiously.

Again the rich color surged up to her brow at the sound of his dear voice, for the tremulous tenderness in it told her that he was glad to see her own, and her elastic spirits rebounded at once.

She shot a shy, sweet glance up into his earnest face, a witching little smile began to quiver about her lovely lips, then she said, half-saucily, but with charming confusion:

"No—I am not ill. I—was only afraid that I had done something dreadful. Have I?"

All the worldly wisdom, with which the young man had tried to arm himself, in order to shield the girl whom he so fondly loved from rashly doing what she might regret later, gave way at that, and before he was aware of what he was doing he had gathered her close in his arms.

"My darling! no," he said; "you have only done what was true and noble, and I honor you with my whole soul. If all women were one-half as ingenuous there would be, as you have said, far less misery in the world. But so many are simply worldly-wise—thinking more of wealth and position than they do of true affection, that their hearts starve, their lives are warped and ruined. Violet, my heart's dearest, how shall I tell you of my heart's great love? I cannot tell it—I shall have to let a lifetime of devotion atone for it, but you have glorified my whole future by assuring me of your affection."

"Oh, I was so afraid you would think me very bold—that you would regard me with contempt," Violet sighed, tremulously. "After my letter had gone, and I tried to think over what I had written calmly, and wondered how you would regard it, I was almost sorry that I had sent it."

"Almost, but not really sorry?" questioned Wallace, with a fond smile.

"No, for I had to tell you the truth, if I told you anything, and no one can be sorry for being strictly candid," she returned, with a resolute uplifting of her pretty head, while she looked him straight in the eyes, "why should I be sorry, when you just what my heart? why does the world think that a woman must never speak, no matter if she ruins two lives by her silence? You told me that you loved me, although you did not ask me if I returned your affection; but I knew that my life would be ruined if I did not make you understand it. I do love you, Wallace, and I will not be ashamed because I have told you of it."

The young man was deeply moved by this frank, artless confession. He knew there was not a grain of indelicacy or boldness in it; it was simply a truthful expression of a pure and noble nature, the spontaneous outburst of a holy affection responding to the sacred love of his own heart, and the avowal aroused a profound reverence for an ingenuousness that was rare as it was perfect.

He bent down and touched his lips to her silken hair.

"That is no occasion," he said, earnestly, "and you have changed all my life, my dear one, by adopting such a straightforward course. Still," he added, with a slight smile, "I did not come here intending to tell you just this, or with the hope that our interview would result in such open confession.

"Did you not," Violet asked, quickly, and darting a startled look at him.

"No, love; nay, rest content just where you are," he said, as she would have withdrawn herself from his encircling arms, "for you may be very sure I shall never give you up after this; but your letter must be answered in some way: I knew that we must come to a clear understanding, and though truth would not allow me to disavow my love for you, yet I wished you to understand fully that I would not presume to take advantage of anything which you might have written upon the impulse of the moment. I would not deny an opportunity of you which you might regret when you should come to think of it more calmly; while, too, I wished to assure myself that your friends would sanction your decision, lest you be one from any desire to take a dishonorable advantage of you. I would win you fairly, my Violet, or not at all."

Violet flushed at this.

"Did you expect to obtain the sanction of my sister or her husband to—to our engagement?" she asked.

"I did not come expecting to gain anything that I wanted," Wallace returned, smiling, "for I had resolved not to take you at your word until I had assured myself that you fully understood all that it would involve; then, of course, I knew that the proper thing for me to do would be to ask their consent to our betrothal."

"And you intend to do this now?" Violet questioned.

"Certainly. You are not of age, are you, dear?"

"No; but Wallace, they will never sanction it," Violet said, with burning cheeks, but thinking it best to prepare him for the worst at the outset.

"Because of my present poverty and humble position?" he questioned gravely.

"Yes, and money is their idol," the young girl frankly answered.

"Then, Violet I do not think it will be right for me to bind you by any promise to become my wife, until I have a position, wealth and a competence that will meet their approval and warrant me in asking for your hand."

Violet put him a little from her, and stood erect and proud before him.

"You do not need to bind me by any promise," she said, in a low, thrilling tone; "for when I gave you my love, I gave you myself as well. I am yours while I live. In confessing my love for you, I have virtually bound myself to you; and even if I should change my life in name, I shall be in soul until I die. You can ask the sanction of my sister and her husband, as a matter of form. I know they will not give it; but they have no moral right to come between us—they never shall! They are very proud and ambitious; they hope"—and Violet colored crimson at the confession—"to marry me to some rich man; but my heart and my hand are mine to bestow upon whom I will; and, Wallace, they are yours, now and forever."

Wallace regarded her with astonishment, while he wondered if there was ever so strange a betrothal before.

He had asked no promise, but he felt that she could not have been more surely bound to him if their marriage vows had already been pronounced—at least, as far as her fidelity to him was concerned.

"I am young, I know," Violet went on, after a moment—"I am not yet quite eighteen—and Wilhelm is my guardian. He can control my fortune until I am twenty-one; but that need make no difference with our relations. You will be true to me, I know, and I do not need to assure you of my own faithfulness, I am sure. Meantime you will be working up in your profession, and when I do reach my majority and come into possession of my money, I can do as I like, without asking the consent of any one."

"My faithful, true-hearted little woman, I had no idea there was such reserve force beneath your gay, laughing exterior," Wallace returned, tenderly. "What a royal gift you have bestowed upon me, my darling! I accept it reverently, gratefully and pledge you my faith in return, while I do not need to assure you that I will not spare myself in striving to win a name and a position worthy to offer my heart's queen. You have changed the whole world for me," he continued, with emotion. "I am no longer alone, and you have armed me with a zeal and energy that will bless the future, such as I should never have known under other circumstances. My darling, I take your promise, with your love and vow when the right time comes I shall claim my wife."

(To be continued.)

Arthur—Don't marry Ella. She is as silent as a post.

Fred—Then she is just the girl to hitch to.

Not That Kind of an Exam.

At the City Hall, in Boston, into the room where the city physician held examinations of candidates for the police force, came an awkward-looking fellow one day. "Captain Blank," he said, mentioning the name of the captain of a police station, "sent me here to be examined. Is this the room?" He was told that it was, and after his name, age, and other things of this sort had been written down, he was directed to take off his coat and shirt. The physician then examined his heart and lungs, and made the usual inquiries, the candidate "all the while getting more and more impatient. When he was directed to remove the remainder of his clothing, his patience gave way entirely. "Look here," he said, angrily "I never was treated so in my life. Why should I take off my clothes just because you say so?" "Why, it is customary to make the examination thorough," the physician explained, patiently; "I am treating you exactly as I treat everybody else." "All right" the man said, sulkily, beginning to disrobe, 'but I'll be hanged if I see what all this has to do with the case." "Why, if you want to go on the police force you must of course submit to the tests." "Police force!" exclaimed the man, in mingled fury and astonishment; "I came here to be examined as a witness in a liquor case." In that case, the doctor answered, smiling at the situation, "you may put on your clothes and go into the room over this."

When the Question was Popped.

Old McWhiff (half asleep)—Doan' be chirrup in' at th' barge, daughter. We're goin' like th' banshee afriddy.—*Judge.*

Not Sworn To.

A servant-boy was sent to the jeweler's with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and, passing it on to a plank-bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it he ran away to sea, finally settled in a house and made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been servant. One day, while walking on the land with a friend, he came to the plank-bridge, and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "that the very spot on which the ring dropped." When he withdrew his stick, the ring was on the end it.

Father Paid.

Paterfamilias—But this fast life of yours; do you think it pays?

Tom Pastun—No, father, it don't pay, but I am very grateful that you do.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Unintentional Courtesy.

Rupert—How kind Egbert is to scratch tha' poor strange dog's ear!

Wilfred—Why, my dear boy, Eggie's legs are so long he thinks he's scratching himself.—*Puck*

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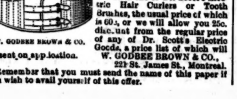

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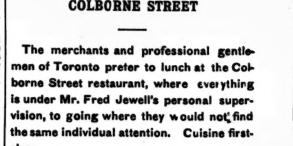

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CHAPTER XLV.

Maurice Evandale was obliged to go to Beechfield that evening; but, before he went, he explained his position more fully to Miss Vane than he had thought it necessary to do with Enid. His father had left him an ample income; he had no near relatives, and was able to look forward with confidence to giving Enid a comfortable home. He wanted to marry her as soon as possible; but, as Miss Vane pointed out to him, there was no use in being in too great a hurry, for many things would have to be settled before Enid's hand could be given in marriage. She herself had always meant to leave Enid a fair share of her own wealth, and she announced her intention of settling a considerable sum upon her at once. If the general would do the same thing, Enid would be a wife with a goodly dower. But Miss Vane was a little inclined to think that her brother would be angry with the girl for leaving his house, and that he might be difficult to manage. Mr. Evandale must be guided by circumstances—so she said to him; and, if Dick was ill, and the general anxious about out of temper, he had better defer his proposal for a week or two. She promised that she would do her best to help him; and he thought that he might rely on Enid's assurance of her love.

Accordingly he went back to Beechfield; and Enid was left at Miss Vane's, there to gain strength of mind and body in the pleasant peaceable atmosphere of her house.

Miss Vane did not give many parties or go much into society about this time. Of those whom she really loved she was always at her best; and many of her associates would have been thoroughly astonished to see how tender, how loving, this worldly, cynical old woman, as they thought her, could show herself to a girl like Elith Vane. She gave up many engagements for Enid's sake, and lived quietly and as best suited her young visitor. For Enid, although rapidly recovering, was not yet strong enough to bear the excitement of London galeties. Besides, Dick was reported to be very ill, and during his illness Enid could not have borne to go out to theaters and balls.

The general had been driving to the station when the accident took place. The horse had taken fright and grown unmanageable; the phaeton had been nearly dashed to pieces; and Dick, who had been on the box beside his father, had had a terrible fall. He had never spoken or been conscious since; he lingered on from day to day in a state of complete insensibility; and while he was in that state the general would not leave him. Of Flossy nobody heard a word. The general wrote to his sister, and sent kind messages to Enid, but did not mention Flossy. Aunt Leo and Enid both wondered why.

Enid had been in town nearly a week, when one morning a letter was brought to her at the sight of which she colored deeply. She was sitting at the luncheon-table with her aunt, and for a few minutes she left the letter beside her plate unopened.

"Won't you read your letter, dear?" said Miss Vane.

"Thank you, aunt Leo." Then she took the letter and opened it; but her color varied strangely as she read, and, when she had finished it, she pushed it towards her aunt. "Will you read it?" she said, quietly. "It seems to me that he does not understand our position."

The servants were not in the room, and she could talk freely. Aunt Leo settled her eyeglasses on her nose and looked at the letter.

"Why, it's from Hubert!" she said, breathlessly.

Then she read it half aloud; and Enid winced at the sound of some of the words.

"'My dearest Enid,' Hubert had written—'I have just heard that you are in town. If I could come to see you, I would; but you know, I suppose, that I have been ill. I have had no letter from you for what seems an interminable time. I must ask you to excuse more from me to-day—my hand is abominably shaky!

"Yours, ""H. L."

The handwriting was certainly shaky; Miss Vane had some difficulty in deciphering the crooked characters.

"H'm!" she said, laying the letter on the table and looking inquiringly at her niece. "What does he mean?"

"He means that he still thinks me engaged to him," said Enid, the color not in her girlish cheeks.

"Then you had better disabuse him of that notion, my dear, for you can't be engaged to two people at once; and I have given my consent to your marriage with Mr. Evandale."

"Do you think," said Enid, in a half whisper, "that I have been mistaken, and that Hubert will be—sorry?"

"No, dear, I don't!"

"Aunt Leo, is this report true about him and Miss West?"

"What do you know about Miss West, Enid?"

"Uncle Richard told me. She came to nurse Hubert when he was ill. Uncle Richard seemed to think that very wrong of her; but I don't. I think it was right, if she loved him. If Maurice were ill, I should like to go and nurse him, whether he cared for me or not."

"Child," said Miss Vane, solemnly, "you are a simpleton! You don't know what you are talking about! I have seen Cynthia West and talked to her, and she is not a woman we should think, knows what true love is at all. She is hard and careless and worldly, and singularly ill-mannered. She is not the womap that Hubert would do well to marry."

"What am I to say to him?" asked Enid, with her eyes on the tablecloth, "if he says that he does not want to marry her—that he wants to marry me?"

"You must tell him the truth, my dear," said Miss Vane, rising briskly from the table, and shaking out a fold of her dress on which some crumbs had fallen—"namely that you don't care a rap for him, but that you are in love with the Beechfield parson; and, if Hubert is a gentleman, he will not press his claim. And, to do Hubert justice, whatever may be his faults, I believe that he generally acts like a gentleman."

Miss Vane went away from the dining-room to dress for a drive and a round of calls. Before long, Enid, who had refused to accompany her, was left in the house alone; and then a vague desire began to take definite shape in her mind. She would see Hubert for herself. She would claim her own freedom, and tell him that he was free. He was well enough now to listen to her, if he was well enough to write. She would go to him while Aunt Leo was out—that very afternoon.

A hansom cab made the matter very easy. She had almost a sense of elation as she stood at the door of Hubert's sitting-room and knocked her timid little knock, which had to be twice repeated before the door was opened; and then a tall slight girl in black stood in the doorway and asked her what she wanted.

"I want to see Mr. Lepel," said Enid, blushing and hesitating.

"Mr. Lepel has been ill." The girl's clear voice had a curious vibration in it as she spoke. "Do you want to see him particularly?"

Enid took courage and looked at her. The girl was very black hair; her dress was severely plain, and her face was pale. Enid thought that there was nothing remarkable about her—therefore that she could not be Cynthia West.

"I am his cousin," she explained simply, "and my name is Vane—Enid Vane."

A flash of new expression changed the girl's face at once. Not remarkable—with those great dark eyes, and the lovely color coming and going in the oval cheeks! Enid confessed her mistake to herself frankly. The girl was remarkably handsome—it was a fact that could not be gainsaid. Enid looked at her gravely, with a little feeling of repulsion which she found it difficult to help.

"Will you come in?" said Cynthia. "Mr. Lepel is in his room; but he means to get up this afternoon. If you will kindly wait for a few moments in the sitting-room, I am sure that he will be with you before long. I will speak to his man Jenkins."

She has ushered Enid into Hubert's front room, from where the outlines of the city appeared. His artistic properties were displayed to great advantage, and every vase was filled with flowers. It was plain that a woman's hand had been at work.

Enid glanced around her with curiosity. Cynthia pushed a chair towards her, and waited until the visitor had seated herself. Then, repeating the words, "I will speak to his man Jenkins," she prepared to leave the room.

Enid rose from her chair.

"You are Miss West," she said—"Cynthia West?"

"Cynthia Westwood," replied the girl, and looked sorrowfully yet proudly into Enid's eyes.

Her face had flushed, but Enid's had turned pale.

"Will you stay and speak to me for a minute or two? I see that you were going out—"

"It does not matter; I could not go," said Cynthia, removing her hat and laying it carelessly on one of the tables. "If you want to speak to me—"

Neither of them concluded her sentence. Each was conscious of great embarrassment.

For once in her life, Cynthia stood like a culprit; for she thought that Enid loved Hubert Lepel, and that she—Cynthia—had withdrawn him from his allegiance. It was Enid who broke the silence.

"I wanted to see you," she said. "I came to see you more than to see Hubert. I heard you were here."

Cynthia looked up quickly.

"You heard Mrs. Vane's opinion of me, I suppose?" It was bitterly spoken.

"My uncle told me—Mr. Vane," said Enid. "I should not believe a thing just because Mrs. Vane said it—nor my uncle, for his opinions all come from Mrs. Vane."

Her expressions were somewhat vague; but her meaning was clear. Cynthia flashed a grateful glance at her.

"You mean," she said, holding her graceful head a trifle higher than usual, "that you do not think I am unwomanly—that I have disgraced myself—because I came here to nurse Mr. Lepel in his illness?"

"No! I should have done the same in your place—if I loved a man."

The color mounted to the roots of Cynthia's hair.

"You know that?" she said quickly. "That I—I love him, I mean! There is no use in denying it—I do. There is no harm in it. I shall not hurt him by loving him—as I shall love him—to the last day of my life."

"No; I should be the last person to blame you," said Enid, very gently, "because I know what love is myself;" and then the clear color flamed all over her fair face as it had flamed in Cynthia's.

Cynthia bit her lip.

"You do not think," she said, with the impetuous abruptness which might have been ungraceful in a less beautiful woman, but was never unbecoming to her, "that because I love him I want to take him away from those who have a better right than I to his love! I learned to care for him unawares; I had given him my love in secret long before—before he knew me, he knows it now; I cannot help his knowing. But I am not ashamed. I should be ashamed if I thought I could make him unfaithful to you.

Enid looked at her, and admired. Cynthia's generosity was taking her heart by storm. But for the moment she could not speak, and Cynthia went on rapidly.

"You do not know what he has been to me. I have had trouble and misfortune in my life, and I have had kindness and good friends also; but he—he was almost the first—he and you together, Miss Vane, although you do not know what I mean perhaps. Do you remember meeting a ragged child on the road outside your park gates, and speaking kindly to her and giving her your only shilling? That was myself!"

"You," cried Enid—"you that little gipsy-girl! I remember that I could not understand why I was sent away." Then she stopped short and looked aside, fearing lest she had said something that might hurt.

"I know," said Cynthia. "Your aunt—Miss Vane—was shocked to find you talking to me, for she knew who I was. She sent you back to the house; but before you went you asked Mr. Lepel to be good to me. He promised—and he kept his word. Although I did not know it until long afterwards, it was he who sent me to school for many years, and had me trained and cared for in every possible way. I did not even know his name; but I treasured up my memories of that one afternoon when I saw him at Beechfield all through the years that I had spent at school. I knew your name; and I kept the shilling that you gave me, in remembrance of your goodness. I have worn it ever since. See—it is round my neck now, and I shall never part from it. And do you think that, after all those years of gratitude and tender memory of your kindness, I would do you a wrong so terrible as that of which Mrs. Vane accuses me? I would die first! I love Hubert; but, if I may say so, I love you, Miss Vane, too, humbly and from a distance—and I will never willingly give you a moment's pain. I will be guided by what you wish me to do. If you tell me to leave the house this day, I will go, and never see him more. You have the right to command, and I will obey."

"But why," said Enid, slowly, "did you not think of all this earlier? Why, when you were older, did you not remember that you—you had no right—"

She could not finish her sentence.

"Because of his relationship to you, and his engagement to you?" said Cynthia. "Oh, I see that I must tell you more! Miss Vane, I was ungrateful enough to run away from the school at which he placed me, as soon as my story became accidentally known to my schoolfellows. I was brought back to my aunt's house; she taught me how to sing, and got me an engagement on the stage. When he died, I was reduced to great poverty, and heard of Mr. Lepel living at Beechfield. He wrote plays, and had become acquainted with my face and my stage-name; but he did not know that I was the girl whom he had sent to school; and I did not know that he was the gentleman whom I had seen with you at Beechfield. His face seemed times seemed vaguely familiar to me; but I could not imagine why."

"And he did not remember you?"

"Not in the least. I went to him for help to get work," said Cynthia, flushing hotly at the remembrance; "and he found out that I had a voice and training—I went to him because I had heard of his kindness to others, and I had read a story that he had written, which made me think that he would be kind. And he was kind—kind in a kind that, without design, without any attempt to win my heart, I fell in love with him, Miss Vane, not knowing that he was engaged to me, not knowing that he was plighted to another. You may not forgive me for it; I can only say that I do not think that it was my fault; and I am sure that he—he was not to blame. You may punish me as you will"—there was a rising sob in Cynthia's throat—"but you must forgive him, and he will be true—true to you."

She covered her face and burst into passionate tears. She could control herself no longer, and at first she hardly felt the touch of Enid's hand upon her arm, or heard the words of comfort that fell from Enid's lips.

"You do not understand me," Enid was saying, when at last Cynthia could listen, "and I want to make you understand. I have misjudged you—will you forgive me? It has been very, very hard for you!"

Tears were rolling down her own cheeks as she spoke. Cynthia surrendered her hand to Enid's clasp, and listened as if she were in a dream—a pleasant beautiful dream, too good to last.

"We may perhaps be divided all our lives," said Enid, "because of things that happened when we were children—things that we cannot help more than I. But, as far as it is possible I want always to be your friend. Think of me as your friend—will you not, Cynthia?"

"If I may," said Cynthia.

"I shall always remember you," Enid went on. "And I do not think that it was wrong for you to love Hubert, or for him to love you—and he does love you, does he not? You need not be afraid to tell me, because I care here chiefly for one thing—to tell him that I cannot marry him, and to ask him to set me free."

"Not for my sake!" said Cynthia, trembling from head to foot.

"Not for your sake, dear, but for my own," said Enid, taking both her hands and looking straight into Cynthia's tear-filled eyes; "because I have been as unfaithful to him as I think he has been to me—and I have given my heart away to some one else. I am going to marry Mr. Evandale, the Rector of Beechfield."

The two girls were standing thus hand-in-hand, the eye of each fixed on each other's face, when the door of communication with the next room was suddenly opened. Hubert stood there, leaning on Jenkins' arm—for he was still exceedingly weak—and the start of surprise which he gave when he saw Enid and Cynthia was uncontrollable. Cynthia dropped Enid's hand and turned away; there was something in her face which she could not bear to have seen. Enid advanced towards her cousin, and held out her hand in quiet friendly greeting.

(To be continued.)

A Few Remarks

MAIDEN —*seule.*

Here he comes! How handsome he is, and what a graceful walk! He wears his eye-glass like an Apollo. I wonder what he is coming for at this time of the day? It cannot be a call, so it must be an errand—probably wants me to go to the matinee. I'll object, of course, but will finally consent. I really do want to see the opera again—especially, when I can talk to him through the dull parts. No, he is carrying a parcel. Looks like candy, or flowers; and what a lot! I wonder if he will want to see me, or will merely leave them. He smiles and looks embarrassed. I know he loves me or it would not affect him that way. He is gone! Here, Jane, bring them to me at once. What a large box! Flowers or candy? I must open it quick and find out. Never mind the knot—break the string. Pshaw!! my rubbers I left in the dressing-room, last night. How mean people are! He does not love me, or he would have brought them in a smaller box.—*Life.*

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"I never jump at conclusions," said the pastor.

"No," said the elderly member of his congregation, who takes liberties; "I have noticed that from your sermons. You reach a conclusion very slowly."—*Washington Post.*

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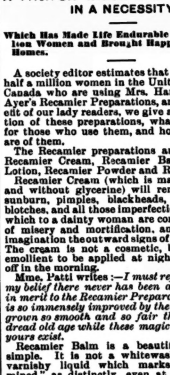

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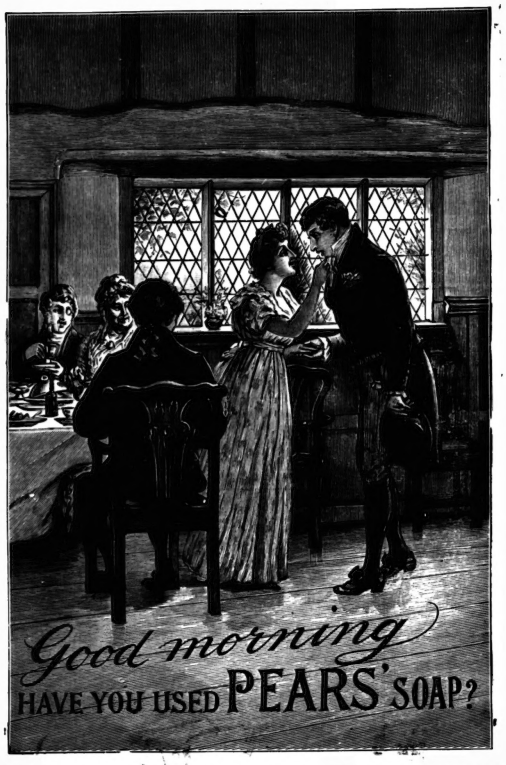

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WM. PICKLES'
328 Yonge Street - - Toronto

EAST WING NOW OPEN
Special terms to permanent boarders. Superb rooms, single and *en suite*. INSPECTION SOLICITED.
ARLINGTON HOTEL
Cor. King and John Streets, Toronto

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

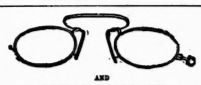
DRESSMAKING PARLORS
Conducted by MISS PATON
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and speedy attention to Mourning orders, we have unbounded confidence of securing entire satisfaction.
ROOMS—E. WALKER & SONS

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

WANZER LAMPS
Are the popular lamps of the day
No chimney to break
No danger to fear
No oil to waste
With one lamp you obtain a fine 50-candle power light. Heat a quart of water in a few minutes
Get a breakfast or cook a dinner
Call at 98 King Street West and examine them

MISS PAYNTER
Has just received
A Full Assortment
OF
SPRING MILLINERY
AT
No. 3 Rossin Block
King Street West
TORONTO

438 YONGE ST.
OPP. CARLTON STREET.
MISS HOLLAND
Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of
French Patterns in Millinery
Together with novelties in
Flowers, Ribbons, &c.
Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.



AND
- SPECTACLES -
Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.
J. FOSTER, 13 King Street West

Miss Stevens
251 Yonge St.
Opp. Trinity Square
TORONTO
Grand Opening
OF
New Goods
Stylish Millinery, Velings in great variety, Ribbons in all the new shades, Feathers, Flowers and Fancy Goods.
Early inspection invited.
Mourning a specialty

The Millinery AND Dressmaking House
ESTABLISHED 1860

New shades in Ribbon, new designs in Shapes, stylishly made up to suit every customer, Flowers, Feathers, Velings, &c., in great variety. Take advantage of our long experience—a trial order will convince.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
Fashion, Fit and Finish assured. We stand second to none in this department.
Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.
DRESS CUTTING HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
"NEW TAILOR SYSTEM"
Cutting taught by this UNIQUE system in all its branches. Liberal inducements to agents.
J. & A. Carter, 372 Yonge St., Toronto

Salted Down.

The phosphate beds produce lots of funny instances. A tall, lank cracker entered a chemist's office the other day with a handkerchief full of rock and sand, and in a husky and excited whisper said:

"Mister, be you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I lock this door?"

"Yes, if you wish to."

After locking the door and seeing that no one was hiding anywhere, the cracker slowly undid his handkerchief and handed some rocks to the chemist for his inspection and asked, "What do you think of that?"

The chemist carefully examined it and said: "I do not think much of it," at the same time pouring some acid on it which caused it to effervesce like a seidlitz powder.

Cracker—What does that show?

Chemist—That shows it is a first class sample of lime, with no bone phosphate about it.

Cracker—Boss, are you sure about the stuff?

Chemist—Yes, very sure.

Cracker (with a long drawn breath)—Well, I've married a widder with a hill plumb full of that stuff, an' I thought it was phosphate. I'm in fer it, ain't I? Good-by.—*Gainesville Advocate.*

The Advantages of Presence of Mind.

A few weeks ago, while several persons were journeying in a carriage of a Great Western train, at full speed, on its way to London, England, a gentleman seated next to the window suddenly opened the carriage door. His fellow passengers appreciated the situation at once. Here was a palpable lunatic, intending either to commit suicide by throwing himself out of the train, or to commit murder by throwing one of them out, which would be worse. Not a moment was to be lost, so they pounced upon him, pinned him down in the corner, and, holding him down, asked him what he meant by it. Thereupon the unhappy prisoner, as soon as he was able to recover a little from the shock, gasped out that he only wanted to set free the tail of his coat, which had got shut in between the door.

Uncomfortable People.

We all know them; they are in every community, in every church, in many families. They are always uncomfortable themselves, and they inflict discomfort on everybody else. A really aggressive and well-developed specimen will overshadow a locality like a banyan-tree, yielding the whole year through all manner of fruit bitter to the taste, and not to be digested without serious injury. These people supply an ample stock of friction; they bring out the latent possibilities of general unpleasantness in a large or small circle; they sow seeds of discord, not only in the fallow ground, but by the wayside, and are followed by abundant harvests of the kind that are sown with joy but reaped with tears.

It Had Its Advantages.

Rev. Dr. Primrose—Are you not ashamed to be in a class with boys so much smaller than yourself?"

Little Johnnis—Not much, I ain't. I can lick every mother's son of them.

Historical Data.

Chicago Teacher—In what year did Columbus land?

Class—(No answer.)

Teacher—Come! Can't any of you tell?

Bright Boy—I don't remember th' exact year, mum, but it was before the fire.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Penalties of Exposure.

Grafton—Aw—what's the matter, dear boy? Spwained your wist?

"Naw—rheumatish. Left one of me rings off the other day, ye know, and caught cold in my fingaw."

For Europe.

Mr. A. F. Webster, general railway and steamship agent, reports the following Torontonians booked to sail for Europe this week: Mr. T. and Mrs. Eaton, Mr. John Eaton, Mr. Hugh Crawford, Mr. W. Skillen, Mr. John Martin, Miss Martin, Mr. Wm. Davies, Jr., Mrs. Fox, Mr. John McClung, Mr. John D. Ivey, Master Arnold Ivey, Rev. Mr. and Miss Dee Barres, Captain and Mrs. Body and five children, Miss Daymond, Mr. John Ogden, Mrs. R. H. Lear, Miss Susie Lear, Miss Clara Lear, Miss Emma Lear, Miss Lydia Lear, Miss McKendry, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. James Strachan, Mrs. Lister, Miss Mary McInnes, Mr. J. A. Young, Mr. Andrew Young, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dunnes, Mr. James, Mrs. and Miss Allen, Mr. E. E. Thompson, Mr. Samuel Hallett, Mrs. Siddell and two children.

Auctioneer Charles Henderson is wielding the hammer at Gurney's extensive warerooms, 91 Yonge street, on the finest stock of house furnishings, mantels, stoves and brass goods ever offered to the Toronto public. Messrs. Gurney are retiring from the retail business and the stock will be sold without reserve. Their name is sufficient guarantee of the reliability of the goods offered.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's Jewelry Store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock, a.m., and 1 o'clock, p.m., every day.

THE
TORRINGTON
ORCHESTRA
SECOND CONCERT
Pavilion Music Hall, Friday, May 30
8 P.M.
Reserved seats 50c. Plan at Mason & Risch's.
A. L. EBBELS, Sec'y.

Ontario Jockey Club
WOODBINE PARK
Friday and Saturday, May 23 and 24
First race commencing Friday at 2.30 p.m.
Saturday at 2 p.m.
THIRTEEN RACES AND STEEPLECHASES
PURSES $6,000
Street Cars Run to the Track
Badges at J. E. Ellis', corner King and Yonge St. On Saturday at Butler's Cigar Store, 67 Yonge St. Also at Queen's Hotel and Rossin House.
Public are cautioned against buying any but the official programme, bearing the signature of the Secretary. All others incorrect. LYNDHURST OGDEN, Secretary.

Lorne Park Hotel
Opens Monday, June 2
Under strictly first-class management.
For terms apply by letter to LORNE PARK CO., Toronto. On and after June 2 also apply at Hotel.
Swift and elegant steamer GREYHOUND is chartered for this season. Good train service.
Refreshments Served in Hotel on Queen's Birthday.
WM. HAWTHORNE,
Manager for Company (formerly of London, Ont.).

Dominion Paper Staining Factory.
F. S. AUNTION & Co.
Manufacturers of
Paper Hangings, Borders &c.
SHOW ROOMS 4 & 6 KING ST WEST.
TORONTO, ONT.
Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains
DECORATIONS—JAPANESE LEATHERS, FRENCH LEATHERS, ANAGLYPTA AND ALL HEAVY RELIEF HANGINGS
WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS
4 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO

THE INCOMPARABLE GILMORE
COMING AGAIN JUNE 4 & 5
Four Grand Concerts, Two Matinees Two Evenings
The Famous Band
P. S. GILMORE, Conductor.
Twelve celebrated Vocal and Instrumental artists and the Grand Chorus of the Toronto Philharmonic Society. F. H. Torrington, conductor.
Tickets—Matinees, 50c.; Reserved seats, 75c. Evening concerts, 50c.; Reserved seats, 75c. and $1.
Plan open at Nordheimer's Wednesday, May 28.
Arrangements will be made to announce results of important elections at the Pavilion on the evening of June 5.

MORINUS HOUSE
New house and newly furnished, and situate on west shore of Lake Rosseau. Every convenience for tourists.
Boats and Bath House on the Premises. Good Fishing in the Locality
Special terms to families. Satisfaction guaranteed. For further particulars apply to F. Marcotte, Judd Haven P. O., Lake Rosseau, Ont.
McNAUGHTON & CO., Proprietors.

Provincial Elections
YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
Are respectfully requested for the re-election of
H. E. Clarke
AND
E. F. Clarke
As Representatives of the City of Toronto in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.
Election will take Place on Thursday, June 5
OUR PLATFORM
1. Equal rights to all; exclusive privileges to none.
2. The supremacy of the State in all Educational matters.
3. A non-political administration of our Educational System.
4. Every Ratepayer primarily a supporter of the Public Schools.
5. A Secret Ballot in ALL Elections.
6. The same standard of Qualification for Public and Separate School Teachers.
7. The same Text Books in Public and Separate Schools.
8. The same Inspection in Public and Separate Schools.
9. More power in the hands of the People; less power in the hands of the Government.

MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC!
SUPERIOR DANCE MUSIC FOR PIANO
ANY FOUR PIECES in this list for ONE DOLLAR. HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS worth have been sold to our pupils, and to dancing teachers in Canada and the United States. They are all good.

*Waltz Minuet. New	Prof. Davis .60
Lawn Tennis Waltz. New	Prof. Davis .35
*Lawn Tennis Dance and Waltz. New	Prof. Davis .75
Pit-a-Pat Schottische. New	Prof. Davis .40
*La Zieka, for Ripple or Rye. New	Prof. Davis .35
*Le Bronco. Only one published	Prof. Davis .35
*Jersey. The Favorite	Prof. Davis .35
*Ripple. Original	Prof. Davis .35
*La Frolique. Good teaching piece	Prof. Davis .35
Cymbeline Waltzes. Extra fine	Prof. Davis .40
Bugle Call Polka. (Call to arms)	Prof. Davis .50
Lancers, for Saratoga or Bombay	Prof. Davis .50
*Eureka. Original	Prof. Davis .50

Pieces marked thus (*) are our own dances. Fully explained. Sent by mail on receipt of price. FOUR PIECES FOR ONE DOLLAR. Address PROF. J. F. DAVIS, 91 Wilton Av., Toronto, Teacher of Dancing. Thirty-one years in Toronto.

LOOK
FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK
Something of special interest to those who appreciate
ART - IN - DRESS
TAYLOR & CO.
Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE"
THOMSON'S
Glove-fitting
Trade Mark.

CORSET
The Perfection of Shape, Finish and Durability.
Approved by the whole polite world.
ANNUAL SALE OVER ONE MILLION PAIRS
To be had of all Dealers throughout the world.
NINE FIRST MEDALS.
MANUFACTURERS:
W. S. THOMSON & CO., Limited, LONDON

CHILDREN'S SUITS
We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.
We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.
The Model Clothing Store
219 and 221 Yonge Street
Corner Shuter Street

DRESS GOODS
DRESS GOODS
AND
DRESSMAKING
Are Special Features of our Business
McKeown & Company
Are selling Dress Goods at prices that defy competition, but that is not everything. Dressmaking is an art with us. We do first-class Dressmaking at lower prices than any other house in the city. We guarantee a perfect fit, and in every case we make it a point to satisfy our customers. Give us a trial for Dressmaking and you will be convinced that our styles, fit, work and prices are everything you desire. Wedding Trousseaux and Mourning outfits a specialty.
McKeown & Company
182 YONGE STREET

SEND TO
HARRY WEBB'S
FOR ESTIMATES FOR
Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.
EVERY MINUTIÆ
66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033
New arrivals—most attractive Bird Cages. Prices—elegantly painted ones—48c., worth 85c; 54c., worth $1; 67c., worth $1.25; up to $1.48 for one worth $3. Brass—99c., worth $2; $1.24, worth $2 50; $1.49, worth $3; $1.74, worth $3.50 to $4.00; $1.98, worth $4.50; $2.48, worth $5. We have reduced the price of Mrs. Pott's celebrated polished Irons to 95c. for full set; other polished Irons 4½c. a pound. Our Wooden Room is filled with useful household articles—Finest Peeled White Willow Clothes Baskets, ordinary size 59c.; large, 75c.; an extra large one, 98c. This is but little more than half usual price. Three dozen Best Clothes Pins for 5c., or a box of 60 dozen for 75c. Sixty feet 9-ply Best Jute Clothes Line, 10c. each. Send or call for our new price list and study it. Store open Monday and Saturday evenings.
W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

- THE -
30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY
"The Penetanguishene"
WILL OPEN FOR THE
SUMMER SEASON OF 1890
ON JUNE 1
Since last season large improvements and additions have been made to the house, including extra dining-room for nurses and children, new kitchens, cold rooms, &c. Rooms for the house servants outside of hotel. Steam pumps for water supply in lieu of windmills, &c. The grounds have also been greatly improved.
Special Attractions
The Reformatory Park and Gardens adjoining hotel. The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay with the finest Bass Fishing in Canada, Boating, Bathing, Tennis and other amusements. The house grounds, beautifully wooded, have a frontage of half a mile on the water. The harbors of Midland, Wabasheng, Muskosh, Victoria Harbor and Port Severn within an hour's run by yacht.
Guests of last year will bear witness that there are no mosquitoes at "The Penetanguishene." June is an especially enjoyable month to visit the house. Accommodation now for 200. For terms address—
FREDERICK CREED, Steward
The Penetanguishene.
Any parties wishing to spend the Queen's Birthday holidays on the Georgian Bay can have arrangements made for their accommodation at The Penetanguishene by sending notice to the Steward not later than the preceding day.

CARPETS
We Offer Special Bargain in All Kinds of Carpets
55c. Tapestry Carpets Reduced to 45c.
A large stock of Tapestry Carpets worth 70c. for 60c.
90c. ten wire Tapestry Carpets for 65c.
90c. ten-wire Tapestry Carpets, best patterns, for 75c.
Ask to see our special $1 Carpets
And our special $1 25 Brussels Carpets
And $1.50 Velvet Carpets
In Hemp, Union and All-Wool Carpets our stock is complete, and values A 1.
BABY CARRIAGES
We have a very fine line of Carriages, upholstered in plush, which will be cleared at price of regular coverings.
SEE OUR $8.50 BABY CARRIAGE
CREDIT WITHOUT INTEREST OR EXTRA CHARGE
AT
177 YONGE STREET
The C. F. Adams Home Furnishing House

THE ALLIANCE
BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
OF ONTARIO, Limited
INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000
GENERAL OFFICES:
27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East
TORONTO
This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or counterSigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.
Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.
All investments are guaranteed.
THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or as larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.
Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.
WM. STONE, *President.* G. F. POTTER, *Managing Director.*
First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to
WILLIAM SPARLING, *Superintendent*

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

portico of the House with a general salute, which he acknowledged by raising his hat. The ceremonies in the Senate Chamber were brief and of the usual character, after which His Excellency took his departure with the same state in which he had arrived.

Among those present on the floor of the Senate during the ceremonies, besides Sir John Macdonald and his cabinet, the senators and members of the Commons, the Supreme Court judges and the high officials of Parliament, were: Lady Macdonald, Lady Caron, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Charles Tupper, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Gundry, Miss Lewis, Mrs. and Miss Kingsford, Mrs. L'Estrange, Mrs. J. M. Cawthray, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. and Miss Collingwood Schreiber, Miss MacKay, Madame and M'lles Robillard, Mrs. Hurdman, Miss Eva O'Meara, Mrs. and Miss Gwynne, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Carling, Miss Gregory, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Sandford.

There is a strong probability of another royal prince being present in the capital when the Duke of Connaught pays his promised visit. Prince George of Wales, who was on Saturday duly installed in the command of H. M.S. Thrush, sailed for Halifax to-day, and will escort the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to England on the last part of their trip around the world. If time will permit, the royal commander will come on by rail from Halifax and meet his illustrious relatives in Ottawa.

The address to be presented by the Ottawa city council to the Duke of Connaught will be a very elaborate and elegant souvenir. It has been drawn up and is now being engrossed on vellum and bound, after which it will be enclosed in a beautiful casket fashioned out of the finest Canadian woods.

The steam yacht Isleaway has been sold to a club of Montrealers who have purchased Isle Perrat, near St. Anne's, on the Ottawa river and will be used by them for pleasure. The members of O. U. R. club, as they call themselves, are well known in the capital and doubtless many will call upon them in their river-girt retreat during the coming summer. The Isleaway is a first-class boat, luxuriously fitted up and will prove an acquisition to the club.

Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Internal Revenue, who is extremely popular in the maritime provinces, has just been made the recipient of a massive gold watch and seal made from Nova Scotia gold, a token of regard from his friends and admirers in that province.

Sergeant Butcher of "C" School of Infantry, Toronto, is winning golden opinions from the non-commissioned officers and officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards to whom he is at present giving instruction. The sergeant takes the "non-coms" on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and the officers on Wednesdays, so that his time is pretty well filled up. He is also on hand at the battalion drills. Sergeant Butcher is pronounced to be a smart and thoroughly capable officer.

Hon. Charles Tupper has returned to the city from Washington, where, in company with Sir Julian Pauncefote, he was endeavoring to arrange the fisheries tangle in the intervals of dining and wining with the other diplomatists, and having a good time generally. Hon. Charles' trip has, however, not been entirely devoid of care, for on both occasions he has returned home considerably under the weather, the first time suffering from a throat affection and the second partially crippled by rheumatism. The enervating climate of the American capital seem to have sapped the vitality of this hardy northern plant. I am informed that Mr. Tupper will return to Washington shortly.

Mrs. Costigan, her grandson Master Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Costigan have been on a trip to New Brunswick, from which place they have just returned. Mrs. Costigan feels much benefited by her little jaunt.

The young ladies of Sandy Hill have organized a pedestrian club, and on certain nights each week take long tramps into the adjoining country. The rules of the association permit gentlemen to become members, but on club nights the party must be equally divided as regards the sexes. This rule is rigidly adhered, and is found to work very satisfactorily. Last Saturday the club visited Eddy's mills, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

Hon. Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron entertained the following ladies and gentlemen at dinner on Monday evening: Dr. and Mrs. Powell of Victoria, B. C., Col. and Mrs. W. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod Stewart, Lieut-Col. and Mrs. T. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. W. Currier, Mrs. Shead, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. R. Gill and Mr. Desbarats.

Mr. William Smith, deputy minister of marine and fisheries, left the capital on Wednesday for a six months' tour in Europe.

Practical Consolation.

"What! you know that the poor young fellow has lost his wife, and instead of dropping him a line of condolence, you dun him for the two hundred lire he owes you!"

"I felt that there are certain kinds of sorrow which words are powerless to appease, and I imagined I was doing a charitable action by trying to divert his gloomy thoughts into another channel."

Not a Man Either.

Fond Mamma (with subdued pride)—This is my little Elsie; just three months old to-day! Dearest Friend—Three months! Is she, really? Oh, well (encouragingly), when her hair grows, and she gets some teeth, it will make all the difference in the world. But, talking of ugly babies, if you could see my cousin Dora's last, you would think this one a beauty.

Not Patented.

A policeman had a pair of boots half-soled last autumn with a boarding-house beefsteak, and he hasn't had wet feet all the winter.

= DON'T =

FAIL TO ATTEND

Gurney's Great Unreserved Auction Sale

OF

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

Stoves, Marble Mantels, Over-Mantels, Brass Goods, etc.

MONDAY AFTERNOON NEXT AT 2 O'CLOCK

And every following afternoon until the whole stock is disposed of, at their large warerooms

NO. 91 YONGE STREET

NO RESERVE WHATEVER

CHARLES M. HENDERSON & CO. - - - Auctioneers

Never Too Late to Mend.

Baron de B—— to Count de Z——, aged ninety-six—You never fought a duel in your life!

Not yet.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MARSHALL—At Little York, on May 19, Mrs. George Marshall—a daughter.

CLARKE—At Toronto, on May 7, Mrs. E. F. Clarke—a daughter.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on May 18, Mrs. J. A. Taylor—a daughter.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, on May 9, Mrs. William Thompson—a son.

CASSELLS—At Toronto, on May 15, Mrs. Walter Cassells—a daughter.

O'MEARA—At Toronto, on May 17, Mrs. T. R. O'Meara—a son, still-born.

SCRIPTURE—At Toronto, on May 16, Mrs. W. H. Scripture—a son.

WINTERBOURNE—At Toronto, on May 16, Mrs. H. J. Winterbourne—a daughter.

Marriages.

JEWELL—WEICHERT—At Toronto, Fred Jewell to Josephine Weichert.

MERRICK—MACDONALD—At Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, Charles L. Merrick to Maggie MacPherson Macdonald.

McDOUGALL—JEFFERY—At Toronto, on May 15, Robert H. McDougall to Isabella Dorothea Jeffery.

GILPIN—JUDGE—At Toronto, on April 20, Thomas S. Gilpin to Emma E. Judge.

Deaths.

FINAN—At Sunnyside, on May 19, Mrs. Michael Finan, aged 49 years.

FISKEN—At Lawton Park, on May 19, John Fisken, aged 71 years.

PLUMMER—On board steamer Orinoco, at New York, on May 19, William Plummer, aged 71 years.

COUSINS—At Woodbridge, on May 16, Mrs. John Cousins, aged 58 years.

SANDWELL—At Toronto, on May 17, infant daughter of George H. and Emily Sandwell, aged 1 year.

KEATINGE—At Toronto, on May 18, Mrs. P. J. Keatinge.

McNAUGHT—At Toronto, on May 18, Ethel Maud Margaret McNaught, aged 7 years.

SNOW—At Toronto, on May 18, infant son of A. J. Russell Snow of Ottawa, aged 19 months.

WILSON—At Toronto, on May 16, Catherine Wilson, aged 21 years.

NICHOLLS—At Peterborough, on May 16, Mrs. Charlotte J. Nicholls, aged 72 years.

SCADDING—At Toronto, on May 19, Elizabeth Florence Scadding.

PAISLEY—At Etobicoke, on May 19, Jared Paisley, aged 73 years.

THOMSON—At Chichester, Que., on May 18, Bernard Henry Thomson, aged 37 years.

COOMBE—At Toronto, on May 19, Mrs. John Coombe, aged 57 years.

McKAY—At Toronto, on May 19, John McKay, mason.

MERCER—At Atlanta, Ga., on May 20, Truman Mercer.

MARSHALL—At Toronto, on May 19, Mrs. Samuel Marshall, aged 88 years.

SMITH—At Toronto, on May 20, Mrs. F. E. Smith.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
Office—345 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—86 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 2064.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF

DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
91 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

= IN PURCHASING =
THE
Mason & Risch PIANOS
You are selecting an instrument which has met every class of competitors, and has always won the highest opinions of those who conducted the tests.
These Pianos are made in such a superior manner, that when placed in comparison with other instruments, the Mason & Risch is the gainer.
MASON & RISCH
MANUFACTURERS OF "CANADA'S HIGH CLASS PIANOS"
32 KING ST. WEST
653 QUEEN ST. WEST - - TORONTO

R. SIMPSON.
S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen
NEW
French Dress Materials
AT COST
See them, these goods cannot be repeated this season.
100 pieces All-Wool Gray Debeige, selling at 12½c. per yard. regular price 17c.
7000 yards Fine All-Wool Debeige in a variety of mixtures, selling at 25c. per yard, worth 35c.
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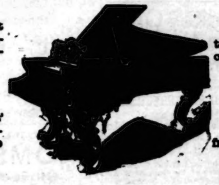

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